

INSIDE: The election campaign / The Michael Jackson tour

Maclean's

JULY 23, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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The Woman Who Could Be President

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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COVER

Ferraro's possible dream

Walter Mondale's choice of Representative Geraldine Ferraro, 48, of New York as his running mate means that after the U.S. presidential election a woman may be a heartbeat away from the most powerful office on earth. But Mondale's choice could do much to political equality as he has done to promote women's rights. —Page 10

CLARE MORTIMER SMITH/REUTERS



The race for Sussex Drive

Prime Minister John Turner called on the Queen to ask her to postpone her visit so that Canadians can go to the polls on Sept. 4 in an election that is too close to call. —Page 6



The new wizard of pop

Michael Jackson's Victory tour reasonably showcases the dazzling talent that has made him, at 25, one of the world's most successful entertainers. —Page 28



Computer pirates

The illicit copying and marketing of popular computer programs is spreading rapidly throughout the \$5-billion legitimate North American software market. —Page 26

CONTENTS

Airline	34
Bahn	36
Banks	47
Business/Economy	56
Canada	6
Costs	36
Elites	45
Football/Quebec	48
Garden	5
Law	1
Letters	4
Medicals	33
Music	38
News	39
Personal	4
People	25
Prisons	21
World	23



Probing the baby murders

Fresh evidence at the inquiry into the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children deaths of several babies suggests that police acted too hastily in making an arrest. —Page 13

Defining our rights

There are at least two points Barbara Amiel has missed in *Discrimination as a human right* (Column, July 2). First, human rights are not absolute. And second, they do not include the right to deny others their rights on the basis of personal "philosophies," whether based on organized religion or cultural values. Basic human rights stop at the point at which the denial of another's rights begins. Although this is a sad downcast passage that may not translate easily into the real world, it is certainly one that Amiel and her cronies should keep in mind. Democracy establishes that the rights of minorities will be protected. Minority rights secure human dignity against those with personal "philosophies."

—K. A. TRANA
Toronto

Electoral strategies

The article *Mordecai's search for a mate* (World, July 2) is the same issue that outlined John Turner's and Brian Mulroney's electoral strategies (Waiting for the Turner team and A stroll on the international stage, Canada), in a fascinating juxtaposition. Unfortunately, your article about Walter Mordcaid is marred by three factual errors. Texas has 26, not 28, electoral votes this year and in 1988. New York has 26, not 41, electoral votes this year and in 1988, and the total number of electoral votes needed to win is 270, not 538. 538 is the total electoral votes, and a clear majority is 270.

—BRIAN K. FINKELBERG
Long Beach, Calif.



Mordcaid: a fascinating juxtaposition

The iring on the cake

To discredit former prime minister Pierre Trudeau and the Liberal party for the patronage appointments (Patronage as the national plan, Canada, July 2) is to give the public a partial and misleading view of the Canadian political process. The patronage basket of appointments to government boards, the judiciary and the Senate is there to be used. Can anyone expect party leaders to forgo this prized source of patronage?

—BRUCE MACDONALD
Parliamentary Intern,
House of Commons,
Ottawa

The Vietnam experience

That the Vietnam War constitutes a wrenching experience for Americans can only be accepted as subjective opinion (Sustaining the Vietnam War, Column, July 2). Rarely, if ever, have I found that analysts point to the underlying causes for that war overt and covert. Commentators' aggression toward another country. The fact that U.S. efforts were essentially futile is unfortunate, but one should realize that the real cause was the psychological and moral inability of Western man to employ without qualms that cold strategy required to win against an Asian-Cambodian mentality.

—G. F. SCHULZ
Mission, B.C.

Letters are selected and may be condensed. Writers should supply correct address and telephone number. Most correspondence is referred to the Editor. Medium's magazine, *Maclean's* (Winter 2000), 777 Bay St., Toronto Ont. M5W 1A7.

PASSAGES

APPOINTED Composer and professor John Beckwith, 67, to the newly created position of the *Joan A. Chalmers Chair* in Canadian Music at the University of Toronto, and the first director of the Institute for Canadian Music. Both positions stemmed from bequests totaling \$1 million from Elphie S. and Joan Chalmers, noted arts patrons. Beckwith is credited with stimulating the research for the exhaustive *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada* (1982) with his critical article in a 1982 issue of *Musicae* in which he described the dearth of information about Canada's musical culture.

DEFIATED: The National Party government of New Zealand Prime Minister Sir Robert Muldoon, 65, by Labour leader David Lange, 41, after nine years in power. Labour won a 57-seat majority in the 56-member Parliament. Analysts had predicted (Maclean's, July 2) that Muldoon's economic policies and alienation of labor would bring his days down.

DEED: Chief Robert Smallboy, 65, spiritual leader of the Cree in Canada, and chief of the Brantford Band in Alberta, at his Rocky Mountain foothills camp 200 km northwest of Edmonton, after a long illness related to pneumonia in both legs. Chief Smallboy established his wilderness camp in 1958 with more than 185 people, determined to lead a life away from non-Indian influences. By the time of his death, the camp's population had dwindled to 53. The others had been hard back to Ficksburg, where the discovery of oil on the land's land turned into a windfall of \$500 per person per month.

DEED: Young Liberals of Canada President Bruce Ogilvie, 34, in a car accident near Vanda, South Ogilvie, a law student at the University of Saskatchewan and a nephew of former transport minister Ogle Lang, was pronounced in the party's reform movement. He had been a campaign worker for former employment minister John Roberts.

DEED: Renowned European photographer Brassat, 66, on the Côte d'Azur near Nice, France, of an apparent heart attack. Born Gyula Endre in Transylvania when it was part of Hungary, Brassat settled into the Parisian art world in 1934 as a painter, sculptor and writer before turning to photography in 1936. Finding his subjects in the seamy parts of Paris, he created a sensation with portraits from the low life published as *Paris de Nuit* in 1938. He went on to capture some famous personalities, among them his friends Picasso, Dalí, Braque and Matisse, in relaxed, informal and even as moments in time.

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DATeline: FRANCE

The monks' bottom line

For more than 300 years Carthusian monks, living in self-imposed silence in a remote monastery in the French Alps, have produced Chartreuse liqueur for a largely grateful world. Although the monks do not drink the spicy, potent and expensive green or yellow liqueurs, they have made huge profits from them. But this summer, as the white-clad monks of St. Pierre de Chartreuse celebrate the 800th anniversary of the founding of their order, they face a harsh, secular reality: the economic recession and a growing preference among drinkers for lighter alcohol beverages have cut Chartreuse sales in half—in one million bottles a year—since a few decades ago, when the strict, dedicated French liqueur market. The drop in sales has been sharp in the United States, which now imports only 250,000 bottles of Chartreuse a year compared to the half million—nearly 40 per cent of the monks' total production—at a decade ago. In Canada about 11,000 bottles of the liqueur are sold annually at an average price of \$15 for 12 fluid ounces.

The Carthusians, an order of 700 priests, nuns, lay brothers and sisters in 22 monasteries worldwide, jealously guard the secret of their famous potion. At any time only three monks know the exact proportions of herbs and plants that make up the drink. Each morning the three men drive to the modest two-story distillery at Voiron, an idyllic town 25 km from the sprawling stone monastery at St. Pierre de Chartreuse, an hour's drive from Grenoble. There they mix and cook the liqueur's 130 ingredients before straining them in alcohol. After adding sugar and a coloring agent, they store the liqueur in oak casks—five for ordinary Chartreuse, two for the rarer variety.

The Carthusians' secretive tradition came under the liquor industry's ire decades earlier than this year when the youngest of the current trio, Brother Laurent, 60, broke his leg as he fell from a ladder. After his surgery, production stopped for nearly two months, while each monk has a specialty; the older two could not carry on without him. Still, the Carthusians ignored all pleas from representatives of the liquor industry to institute a fourth or fifth monk into the mysteries of Chartreuse. But the monks did break with tradition to respond to the changing tastes of consumers. The original chartreuse liqueur, which the monks began making in 1764, was so strong—71 per cent alcohol by volume

—that it had limited appeal. The monks later reduced the strength to the current 50 per cent (standard Canadian liquor strength is only 40 per cent) and in 1938 they created a yellow 40-per-cent Chartreuse for drinkers with more sensitive taste buds.

The decrease in sales is of particular concern to the Carthusians because the order depends solely on the sale of Chartreuse for its income. As a result, in an attempt to take advantage of the de-



Chartreuse-making monks intensify

mand for lighter drinks the monks recently introduced new products, including Ninth-Century Chartreuse, a liqueur to toast this year's 800th anniversary. And the monks named as marketing last winter when Chartreuse Diffusion, the secular company that markets Chartreuse, conducted a hard-sell campaign to popularize the drink among smokers at French resorts. Said Jeanne Comte, the marketing manager of the company: "The Carthusians knew that to keep up with the times they need to be inventive and evaluate, as well as busy." Now, the monks are counting on their talent for virtuous compromise to keep the world drinking Chartreuse for a long time to come.

—PETER LEWIS in Brussels

COLUMN

Who said Canadians were dull?

By Charles Gordon

Since I fit this series you as a typically Canadian story. The National Capital Commission, which runs the grand ancient Ottawa/Hill, has posted signs in areas frequented by nudists warning that "No gay consumer nudists in this area." Likewise, the NCC has put up signs in nudist areas warning would-be skinky-dippers that "No person shall use this part of Ottawa Park unless he or she uses a bathing suit as minimum attire."

Conditioned as Canadians are to being portrayed as an uptight and prudish people, the story appears to us as baffling. Confirmed—particularly when it appears in the same pages as advertising for a bathing suit that somehow keeps out prying glances and at the same time allows the man's nips to penetrate and promote an silver tin. "It's the Canadian solution to European nude bathing," the ad declares.

There is a typically Canadian political aspect to the story as well. Nude bathing is still technically a criminal offence. The authorities, rather than crack down on it, have opted instead to isolate it, protect others from it. Canadians don't repress, they accommodate. The story could continue on that we are creatively accommodating, but it is more likely to persuade us that we are wily-wily and frightened of our bodies, not to mention other people's.

Where national image is concerned, Canadians are prepared for the worst. Every year some visiting bachelorette comes in and lectures us as what a dull and decrepit bunch we are. Ottavians are still feeling the sting of the same old Ottawa guy who charged that we never crossed against the light and that, therefore, we suited our more than liberty. Most recently, there has been Jan Morris, a world-renowned reviewer of cities, who saw Toronto the treatment in the June issue of *Saturday Night*.

Here are some of the adjectives Morris used to describe Torontoans and, by extension, Canadians: well fed, well balanced, well behaved, well educated, well preserved, immobile. She would have been more accurate for the "stiffening of the spirit" she sees in Toronto. Could it be the history of the place, and the deference to authority that restrains people here? Could it be underappreciated, ought there to be a couple of million more people in the city,

to give it punch or jolt? She calls Toronto "the most underdeveloped city I know," all the while conceding the city's peaceful, safe way of life, its abundance of minorities, its humane treatment of women and of the underprivileged. Yet "nowhere along the way Toronto lost, or failed to find, the gift of contrast or excitement."

In the context, it seems somehow insulting for Morris to say that Toronto is "clean, neat and efficient, built in a businesslike, unadorned and polite" fashion that still hurts some Canadian. One does feel that they have to apologize every time someone compliments them or having a decent place to live. In the face we try to show others, Canadians are forever straining to appear other than our own. In tourist brochures and television ads aimed across the border, we tell potential tourists that Canada is full of bright lights and cowboy hats, disco dancing and amusement parks. We

**'Instead of cracking
down on nude bathing,
the authorities try to
isolate it, to protect
others from it'**

don't say that Canada is a place where people obey the law and don't beat each other up, where people are not persecuted for having funny points of view, where two languages can live side by side and, occasionally, together.

So if this series you as a better Canadian story.

A basic concern to visit the nation's capital. It crosses across the river from Ottawa Park and shows up on Rideau Street in the wee hours. Later, it runs across Parliament Hill at midnight, just as time to frighten the hundreds of tourists who are there to see the Changing of the Guard. Shot several times with a tranquillizer gun, the bear stays on its feet and finds its way into a wooded area behind the Parliament buildings.

In that typically Canadian story, three levels of government are involved: the RCMP, the Ottawa Police and Province of Ontario conservation officers, not to mention the NCC. When the bear is finally caught, the spectators applaud, respectfully, perhaps as much for the bear as for the men who caught it. The

some reminder that Canadians are not a bloodthirsty lot and that, even on Parliament Hill, we are not that far from nature.

That would be a true and appealing image for Canada to have, a good one to put on travel brochures. Come to Canada, Where a Bear Can Walk on Parliament Hill.

Yet it is not to be. Instead of respecting ourselves as civilized people living in a wilderness, we blush unnecessarily when we hear a Canadian described as someone who says "sorry" when you step on his foot. Even though it may be something like that quality that makes our life livable, we wish it were not so.

We wish we were like the American who you accept his image, does not say "sorry" when you step on his foot. He says, "Watch it, Mac." Angry words mean, one thing leads to another and death may be the outcome because the American, wearing liberty bells, means, in carrying a gun.

But there is reason for terrible movies, an area in which Canada clearly lags. Faced with adversity, with a social structure that holds him back, the American attacks it, knocks down the walls, drives his gun. Canadians don't do that in the movies, unless the movies are made primarily for export. In *Guns Down the Road*, still the quintessential Canadian movie, our heroes arrive from the Maritimes to take Toronto by storm. Flattered by it, they don't draw their guns. They get into the car and head home. The ending does not make our national pride soar, but it might it is something that should when they get home, they will fit in and be cured for.

Such qualities don't sell movies and they are difficult to teach. So we attempt to show a Canada to others that is very much like the United States, but with a few more lakes and loons. In the meantime, we are made to feel ashamed of our real strengths, qualities that make our story appealing to the thousands who visit the country, want to be taken to visit the country, want to live in it.

If we were a more confident people, we would find joy in having a nation where a bear walks on Parliament Hill and where we are not so close to nature.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.





Brian and Mita Mulroney, NDP candidate Dan Hoag with Lucille and Ed Broadbent in a crucial election too close to call

CANADA/SPECIAL REPORT

The race for Sussex Drive

By Carol Gorr

Fierce handwinds buffeted Prime Minister John Turner's small Challenger jet as he flew home from his Windsor, Canada, rendezvous with Queen Elizabeth Turner was exhausted, his aides were irritable and the flight was behind schedule. But nothing dampened Turner's spirits. The Queen had been warm and understanding when he explained over dinner on July 7 that he intended to call a Sept. 4 election. She could not agree to Turner's request that she go on with her planned July visit to Canada but she offered the next best thing—a two-month post-mortem. The next morning Turner and his wife, Gail, went to church with the Queen, visited the Queen Mother for half an hour, then boarded their government jet for the bumpy ride home.

Two hours out of Ottawa, the Challenger made a refueling stop at Sept-les-Isles. Turner dashed for a telephone

to call William Lee, his campaign director. Lee excused himself from a meeting of the Liberal party national executive to take the call. It was short and sweet. The two men agreed to meet in Turner's Chelsea Laurus hotel room that evening to set the election wheels in motion. Lee arrived at 6:00 p.m. They immediately went to work—first alerting Gov. Jeanne Sauvé that Turner would visit her in the morning to request the dissolution of Parliament, then making arrangements for an afternoon news conference. After the drama of the weekend (it seemed almost unbelievable when Turner sat down at 2:30 p.m. on Monday, July 8, in the National Press Theatre, poured himself a glass of water and announced, "The election will be held on Tuesday, Sept. 4, the day after Labor Day.")

With this simple but widely anticipated statement, Turner launched the country into its 38th federal election campaign. He pledged a renewal of

confidence and certainty in this country of Canadians give him a fresh mandate, but he said that he would save concrete economic proposals for the 35-day campaign itself. Conservative Leader Brian Mulroney strode onstage 45 minutes later, urging Canadians to hold Turner accountable for the record of Pierre Trudeau and the previous Liberal government. "The choice my Progressive Conservative colleagues and I offer is both clear and different," he said. Finally, it was New Democratic Party Leader Ed Broadbent's turn. He promised a hard-fought campaign and insisted that the NDP remains the party for ordinary Canadians.

Seldom in Canadian history has so much hinged on an eight-week election campaign. In the short time between last week's election call and voting day on Sept. 4, Canadians will have to judge the merits of two new leaders whose parties are within decimal points of one another in most poll opinion polls.



Mulroney, a shot to the Queen and a call for action from a fresh government

As well, Canadians will have to decide whether the struggling NDP will survive as a significant third party. The latest opinion survey, released by Southern News Services last week, showed the Liberals with 41 per cent of the decided vote, the Conservatives with 42.5 per cent and the New Democrats with seven per cent. Taking into account the poll's six-per-cent total margin for error, the message was clearly that the race is too close to call. NDP pollster Alan Fennell of Carleton University in Ottawa: "This election is up for grabs. Unlike the past three or four elections, this time the campaign is really crucial" (page 12).

Other recent polls have given the Liberals a more substantial lead. The latest Gallup poll, released July 6, put them 11 per cent ahead of the Conservatives, and the Liberal party's private polls give them an edge of three to five per cent. But all the polls agree on one critical fact: In the Ontario heartland, where most federal elections are decided, the

two parties are neck and neck. And the polls confirm a second common finding: Turner is far more popular than his Liberal party. He is favored as the most competent national leader by a significant margin of voters (37 per cent, compared with Mulroney's 25 per cent, in the Southern survey). That means the main challenge for the Liberals will be to run a credible free campaign, allowing their leader to retain public confidence. For the Conservatives, the key to victory lies in convincing the electorate that Mulroney, with a fresh team of ministers, offers a better chance for change. Only Broadbent, whose party is languishing at a 11-per-cent low in popularity, can afford to be adventurous. "I told him he should come on as a fighter," said Saskatchewan NDP MP Lorne Nyström. "This is going to be a careful, biting campaign with two conservative leaders, as it should give lots of exciting news."

After his return from London, Turner

said a Monday morning cabinet meeting that the election was on. At 1 p.m. he called on Mulroney. One hour later Turner performed the first handshake of the campaign, shaking hands with Mulroney as he moved along Wellington Street toward the National Press Building and a mutually televised announcement of the election call. Declared Turner: "This Parliament has run its course, and I sense the people of Canada want and should have a choice and an opportunity to clear the air." Chorus: unanimous. The contrasting side of the Canadian dollar, rising interest rates and an increasing federal deficit all demanded "action from a fresh government supported by the Canadian people." He added that the Queen considered an answer for an election to be valid and readily agreed to postpone her long-scheduled midsummer visit to New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba. "I had to do my duty as I saw it," said Turner. "If that costs me votes, so be it."

When Mulroney followed Turner before the television cameras he said the Liberals "will have to answer to the Canadian people" for the past decline. Mulroney also wanted no time in attacking the Liberals' handling of the economy. He cited the "terrible record of Conservative government" since 1982, "hope," and declared, "There is nothing wrong with Canada that a new government can't change." To that end, he immediately challenged Turner to a televised debate on the issues, an idea endorsed minutes later by Broadbent. Although Canadian television networks quickly agreed to schedule a debate or a series of debates among the three leaders, Turner initially hesitated to commit himself—at least partly because he is shored in the opinion polls and therefore has more to lose. But late last week he declared that he wanted a debate to be staged as soon as possible.

Mulroney was nothing in his criticism of the final round of patronage appointments—sponsored by Turner's office while the Prime Minister was visiting the Governor General. Under the terms of a written agreement with Pierre Trudeau, Turner named 17 Liberal, Conservative and NDP appointees to the diplomatic corps or federal boards and commissions. Mulroney called the appointments scandalous and vulgar and pledged that he would clean up the procedures and use merit as the chief criterion for patronage appointments if he came to power. Mulroney said he was something right out of an Edward G. Robinson movie. You know, the boys coming up the creek? Turner seemed almost embarrassed by the appointments but he did not back down but to agree to them before he was sworn in. He had been advised that he might not

SPECIAL REPORT

have retained his majority in the Commons and he could have lost the opportunity to form a government. Later in the week he told reporters that he hoped, in future, that the Canadian people would judge him on the basis of his own accomplishments—and performance in office.

As for Broadbent, he also deplored the Liberal patronage appointments, describing Turner and Mulroney as the "Robbery Men of Bay Street." Declared Broadbent: "Wherever they decide to control society, Ray Stene will be their real conscience. Their policies are shaped by the view from the fifth floor. They speak with one voice."

With the opening skirmishes of the campaign out of the way, the three leaders spent most of the next two days cloistered with advisers or making telephone calls to potential candidates. Turner relaxed at his Toronto home, putting on expensive dinners and consulting with Transport Minister Lloyd Axworthy before emerging Tuesday for an impromptu news conference, at which he appeared in slippers and a short-sleeved red shirt. At the same time, Mulroney was in Ottawa making his final decision on which Quebec riding he would contest. For his part, Broadbent worked at his Oakham, Ont., home, where he got his daily injections on his campaign speeches.

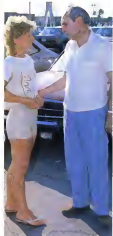
By week's end, all three men were in the road in search of voters. Broadbent launched his seven-week odyssey with a trip to Chatham, Ont. Mulroney and his wife, Mika, sailed an Atlantic festival in Toronto on Thursday, before flying to tell his Nova Scotia constituents in the Central Nova riding that he had decided to seek his home Quebec seat of Montserrat. And Turner opened his campaign by flying to a weekend meeting of western Liberals in Edmonton to underline his determination to reverse his party's loss in the West.

The key issues in the election are predominantly economic—and were clearly defined before the formal campaign began. The most important, all parties agreed, was jobs for Canadians. With the unemployment rate standing at 13.2 per cent last month—3.4 million Canadians unable to find work—the three parties were striving to develop job creation ideas. But they were also hoping to reassure—and win

support from—those Canadians who had jobs, many of whom fear that they might lose their jobs in a changing economy. The two major parties were supposed to argue that maintaining a healthy investment climate is the best way to create jobs. At a weekend meeting of the Liberal platform committee, before the election call, Mulroney said the Liberals would tackle unemployment by ensuring "that there is a good flow of investment capital." For his part, Mulroney promised to create jobs by "stimulating small business as the prime job creator of our economy and by

active plans this summer. Last week, while rendering a new low of 74.96 cents (U.S.) in full price, the important psychological barrier of 75 cents. At week's end it stood at 75.34 cents. At the same time, the Bank of Canada raised its trend-setting leading rate to 13.25 per cent—the highest it has been since September, 1982. Turner tried to reassure Canadians, commenting: "The pressure on our dollar and thereby on our interest rates is a universally shared phenomenon. I am running the economy in the best interests of Canadians—election or no election." He added that he supports the central bank policy of defending the dollar by raising interest rates gradually in an attempt to stop investors seeking higher returns in the United States. In contrast, Mulroney would let the dollar slide, preferring to protect Canadians from rising interest rates. But he has not indicated how far he would let the dollar decline before he intervened—or how he would prevent capital from leaving the country. But Broadbent has called for exchange controls and has proposed a new speculation tax on Canadians making large short-term investments abroad.

Aside from economic issues, the question of leadership—or at least the contrasting styles of Turner, Mulroney and Broadbent—promised to be pivotal. Broadbent, having led the vote in two general elections, was a familiar figure. But for Turner and Mulroney this campaign was their first as the head of a national party. Remarkably, the election began with neither knowing where he would seek a seat. But Mulroney and Turner are trying to revive party fortunes in Quebec and the West respectively, and both were willing to gamble their personal election chances. So to that end, Mulroney decided to abandon his safe seat in Nova Scotia in favor of Montserrat in northeastern Quebec. The area contains his home town of Bellefleur as well as the hard-pressed community of Schefferville, where Mulroney closed an iron mine and threw 265 employees out of work in 1982 in his former private sector job as president of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada Ltd. It was not as easy choice. Advisors urged him to stay in his safe seat. Mulroney argued that he was running in the shadow of Mulroney's Quebecer Minister of Industry, which former Tory minister Howard Griffith held in 1979 but lost in 1980 to Liberal lawyer André Blais and by fewer than 5,000 votes in Montserrat, by contrast, the incumbent Liberal, teacher André Malo, won by more than 10,000 votes in 1980. But the end, family roots proved stronger than gratitude. In the last election only veteran MP Roch LaBelle of Joliette riding won a seat for the Tories in Quebec. The Liberals won 72. Mulroney insisted that the voters of



Sherratt campaigning: a battle in Montserrat

encouraging research and development." Even the New Democrats are offering tax breaks to the private sector to create jobs, a pledge that represents a radical shift in policy for the NDP.

After jobs, the ailing Canadian dollar and soaring interest rates were expected to dominate the campaign. Indeed, the politicians—long aware that unemployment and the size of the federal deficit troubled voters—screamed almost in shock over the dollar's sudden and dra-

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Housekeeper Mayor Michael Harris (left), Campaigner, rival of Liberal's Kilgour

SPECIAL REPORT

Central News be the first to know his decision. As a result, on Friday, he travelled to New Glasgow, returning to the weather-beaten red-brick building that had served as his riding office for 11 months. "My heart tonight is not filled with joy," the Tory leader told his audience. "It is not every Conservative who walks away from a 26,000-vote majority." Some of his former constituents were disappointed, but Kenneth Sims, publisher of *The Evening News* of New Glasgow, took a more philosophical view. "It's not every Conservative who gets the same something because he got his start here, but he doesn't have to be in the riding to repay it."

Turner also faces formidable odds in his determination to run in British Columbia. There were several Vancouver-area ridings he could choose, but most observers expected him to run in Capilano, an affluent suburban seat in Vancouver held since 1974 by Tory businessman Ronald Hartington. Hartington, who is retiring, held a comfortable 16,688-vote lead in 1984, and the new Tory candidate, Mary Collins, is an aggressive 43-year-old consultant with more than two decades of experience in constituency work for the party. If he selects Capilano, Turner is expected to spend some weekends of the campaign in Vancouver, trying to win his seat, but most of his riding work will be done by his daughter, Elizabeth, a student at Stanford University in California. The Conservatives made no secret of their determination to defeat Turner, wher-

By rowing in neighboring ridings, the two Liberal superstars could fight back to back in their effort to spearhead a Liberal breakthrough west of Manitoba. In spite of Turner's aversion to a Liberal resurgence in the West and Mulroney's vow to put the Tories back on the Quebec electoral map, the election will probably be won or lost in Ontario, which has 55 seats, more than the four Western provinces combined. Scrutiny for all three parties centered Metropolitan Toronto, with its 59 seats and its recent history of changing party allegiances from election to election, may hold the key to the door of 84 Sussex Drive. (Turner moved into the residence without fanfare late last week.) When Joe Clark became Prime Minister five years ago, his party won 57 Ontario seats to the Liberal's 23. A year later, when Trudeau regained power, the Tories were reduced to 38 seats while the Liberals took 42. The most recent Gallup poll showed that the Liberals had about 50 per cent of decided Ontario voters. But a private Liberal poll, taken a week earlier, showed that Turner was running well ahead of his party in the province.

Elsewhere, British Columbia, which like Ontario has a reputation for dramatic shifts in voting patterns, is expected to be crucial to the election outcome. With Turner running in Vancouver, Western Coast voters will no longer endorse the electorally weak of having the rest of the country turn off their TV sets before B.C. voters hear out their ballots. Currently, the province's 36 seats are split between the Conservatives, who hold 11, and the New Democrats, with 11, 874 support in a



Alaska (second from left) and Tory campaign strategists: armies of professionals and volunteers hitting for power

least six ridings is thought to be self-serving, and Turner's promise to run in the province has led to a revival of Liberal hopes. For their part, the Conservatives—with help from the provincial Social Credit Party—are hoping to hold on to their 8 C. seats. And the NDP is desperately striving to keep its seats and, ironically, mounting on a Liberal resurgence to help.

In Alberta the Conservatives won all 21 seats and are widely expected to take all 51 again. Indeed, the most heated election activity in that province has been among would-be Tory candidates competing for nomination. But elsewhere on the Prairies, Saskatchewan, where the Tories and New Democrats hold seven seats apiece, could contain a few surprises. As many as four ridings may change hands, partly because of a decline in NDP support and partly because of the renewed edge among Liberals. The Tories seem likely to make a breakthrough in at least five ridings—the Battleford-Meadow Lake and Prince Albert—by courtship of the native population. The Tories are well-argued in Saskatchewan, but Mulroney is not well liked among some of the province's right-wing voters.

In Manitoba one contest will dominate the election-night drama: the battle between Lloyd Axworthy and popular Tory Bob Sherman, who resigned as deputy provincial leader to run in Winnipeg-Fort Garry. Since 1981 Axworthy has shored up almost \$700 million in federal investment on his home province, and he is being by his constituents to see his increased power in the new

Turner administration when he votes. "Lloyd's profile and what he has been able to accomplish will help," Liberal-consultant Richard Good said last week. But Sherman has been campaigning hard and he says he is getting an encouraging response. The New Democrats won seven of the province's 14 seats in 1980, while the Tories won five and the Liberals one. But the vote will be hard-pressed to return its position, according to the opinion polls.

In Quebec, for the first time since Social Credit was a political force 39 years ago, the Liberals face a challenge. The Conservatives, with a provincial vote bank of more than 200,000, hope to win as many as a dozen of the province's 75 seats. Although private Liberal polls show that the party has little to fear, some factions are working against Turner. For one, some Quebecers thought that the new leader should have given Deputy Prime Minister Jean Charest the additional role of Quebec lieutenant. For another, is the province's anglophone community there is lingering anxiety over Turner's commitment to defend the rights of linguistic minorities. Although Conservative prospects in Quebec may improve, Mulroney has not managed to attract the big-name candidates who he pledged to recruit.

Compared to the rest of the country, the Atlantic provinces—where family political loyalties run deep—seem relatively stable. In Nova Scotia, Social Credit has riding in one constituency that the party politicians will watch closely. Liberal Colleen Campbell cur-

rently holds the seat, but the riding usually swings to the party in power, giving the rest of Canada an early election-night reading of the mood of the country. Two Maritime cabinet ministers—Vancouver Affairs Minister Bennett Campbell, in the riding of Carleton Place, and Energy Minister Bernard Rogers, in the Halifax riding—are expected to be pressed by Conservative nominees.

In Newfoundland two Liberal incumbents, David Boony and Roger Simmonds, have had brushes with the law (Simmonds was convicted in 1983 of income tax evasion, and Boony of assault in 1980 and tried in 1981). But both are heavily favored to hold their seats. Apart from the two St. John's seats, traditionally Tory, Newfoundland is a Liberal stronghold, and that is not expected to change this year.

But the real campaign begins this week. Canadians have not voted in a September federal election since 1928. Conventional political wisdom holds that a late summer election means enumeration problems, low voter turnout and a shortage of volunteers to man the telephone, knock on doors and pick up envelopes. Still, 12 of the country's 12 federal elections have been held in summer, and nine of them were won by the party in power. Such historical facts may have reassured Turner, who called the September vote. But Kevin Kallus, a 31-year-old Montreal clerk, had his own view. "It's not a summer election," he says. "A summer election is like a summer romance. You enjoy being wooed but you're not going to let it run your summer."

Results from the 1980 General Election





Lee and campaign executive director Sandro Severi behind the scenes

SPECIAL REPORT

Marketing the candidates

John Turner, Brian Mulroney—and, to a lesser extent, Ed Broadbent—will gain from unmeasurable billboards, lawn signs, party fairs and television commercials this summer as the three party leaders struggle to win voters before the Sept. 4 election. Turner and Mulroney are fighting to form the next government, Broadbent is fighting to keep the now a significant political force. As a result, victory in the eight-week campaign may well be decided in a quiet struggle away from the glare of publicity. Behind the scenes, Bill Lee and Norman Atkins will have their own showdown. As national managers of the Liberal and Conservative campaigns respectively, Lee and Atkins each expect to throw \$6 million and armies of professional and volunteer workers into a battle for a single prize: power.

Both Lee and Atkins are political heavyweights who came to the election with impressive victory credentials. Lee, an Ottawa-based business consultant, was became prominent almost 30 years ago as a proponent of codification of Canada's armed forces and who was a key organizer during Pierre Trudeau's triumphal 1968 election campaign, helped engineer Turner's rise as the Liberal leadership race. In June Atkins, president of the Toronto-based Campaign Associates Advertising Ltd., who moved from provincial to federal politics last

Canada. The image appeals to Lee because it emphasizes the marked differences between Turner and Broadbent. "His gentleman image, just John Turner and what he stands for," declared Lee. For their part, the Conservatives want to convince voters that they are united behind Mulroney. They are determined to portray themselves as a party that listens to public concerns and consults with the provinces, unlike what they describe as the arrogant, confrontational-seeking Liberals who have ruled the country for almost 16 years. The *star* will constantly repeat Broadbent's description of Turner and Mulroney as "the Bobbly Twins of Bay Street" in an effort to create the impression that there is little difference between the two older parties. The "Bobbly Twins" comment may be the best campaign line since Broadbent's predecessor—David Lewis, who died in 1981—coined the phrase "corporate welfare state" during the 1972 election.

To bring their message to voters who may be preoccupied with backyard barbecues rather than ballot boxes, the *star* will spend about half its \$4-million budget on advertising. The *star*, prepared by Michael Morgan Advertising of Vancouver, will try to reach Canadians outdoors by using more radio commercials than usual. The Liberals, with a total campaign budget of \$6.5 million to draw upon, have their own in-house advertising agency, Red Leaf Communications. Red Leaf, a company that springs into operation only during election campaigns, will use volunteers from several agencies, including MacLaren Advertising and Vickers and Bennett, to create commercial—designed primarily to tell Turner as a new leader—under the experienced supervision of Senator Jerry Grafstein, a Toronto lawyer who has managed Liberal ad campaigns since 1974.

Meanwhile, Tim Smith, the chairman of Plaster Advertising in Toronto, will develop the Conservative ad campaign. Among its subjects: contrasting shots of a Tory task force touring the country last winter listening to taxpayers' complaints with Liberal cabinet ministers denied that Revenue Canada officials were abusing their powers and harassing taxpayers.

Chief Electoral Officer Jean-Marc Hamel estimated that it will cost taxpayers about \$90 million to administer the election, including as much as \$12 million to subsidize candidates and parties—\$5.00 per eligible voter—but Hamel contended that Canadian elections are among the cheapest in the world. Hamel will also make certain that at midnight, Sept. 4, the closing of the polls, the power will change hands. The airwaves Two days later candidates and voters alike will know who won the seat and assess billions of the election.

New revelations in the baby murders

Thirteen months after it began, a royal commission into the suspicious deaths of 36 babies at a Toronto hospital has still not determined who killed at least eight infants between June 30, 1981, and March 22, 1982. And last week Judge Samuel George, the commission chairman, heard evidence that suggested police had acted too hastily when they laid four murder charges against nurse Susan Nelles. In Nelles' evidence, a 40-day hearing had singled out Nelles as the killer at a meeting on March 26, 1981, two days after the infant Justin Cook died and the homicide detectives had begun their investigation. According to the report, written by Staff Sgt. Jack Povey and Sgt. Anthony Warr, the five

had said that he had agreed, even before the detectives interviewed Nelles, that she should be charged with murder. The evidence contradicted claims in the police report that two coroners, two police officers and an assistant Crown attorney had singled out Nelles as the killer at a meeting on March 26, 1981, two days after the infant Justin Cook died and the homicide detectives had begun their investigation. According to the report, written by Staff Sgt. Jack Povey and Sgt. Anthony Warr, the five

After the three other nurses denied that they were involved in the Cook baby's death—and, in fact, placed Nelles with the baby during the critical time," as the report put it—the doctors questioned and arrested Nelles.

For his part, Tepperman denied that he and Dr. Ross Bennett, who was then the deputy chief coroner of Ontario, had intervened in the decision to arrest Nelles. He testified that Povey told him earlier that high levels of digoxin had been found in the baby's body, leading

Tepperman to enter the meeting convinced that someone had deliberately administered an overdose of the drug. Declared Tepperman, "I saw the possibility of a deliberate overdose went from the bottom of my list to the top." But Tepperman maintained he had found it difficult to persuade prosecutor Wiley that someone had used digoxin to kill the babies and he had not singled out Nelles as the prime suspect. "If the police explained to me how they came to conclude from whatever sources they had over 876 days of investigation, I might have agreed," he said. "But I never offered any independent opinion and I did not perceive that as my role as a coroner."

The report also made public another vital piece of information as an autopsy on the body of 10-day-old Stephanie Lombardo during Nelles' preliminary hearing revealed a large amount of digoxin present in her system, though no one had prescribed the drug for the infant. Clearly, that



Max and Povey: the case against Nelles had weakened

finding further weakened the case against Nelles—who was on holiday when the baby died, on Feb. 28, 1981. Now, Nelles, currently working in the day nursery of the Hospital for Sick Children, is suing the police for malicious prosecution, false imprisonment and negligence. But as the inquiry entered its final phase, the parents of the dead children were concerned the officers' approach would be to advise her of certain facts, offer her an opportunity to explain her position and, in the absence of any explanation, she would be arrested.

max reached the consensus after noting that Nelles had cared for the Cook infant and had access to at least three other babies whose police believed someone had murdered. According to the report, the police decided to interview the three nurses on duty with Nelles when the baby died before questioning Nelles herself. Declared the report, "As far as Nelles was concerned, the officers' approach would be to advise her of certain facts, offer her an opportunity to explain her position and, in the absence of any explanation, she would be arrested."

The resumed inquiry quickly turned up conflicting evidence. Tepperman de-

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Ferraro and husband, John Zaccaro, with Mondale in North Oaks; Ferraro in Washington (right); the classic American Dream

COVER

Ferraro's possible dream

By Larry Glynn

The decision was one that will redraw forever the political contours of the U.S. political landscape. And it dramatically knocked away some of the last predictable prejudices inherent in the U.S. presidential selection process. Ferraro picked chamber in the legislature of his home state of Minnesota, last week, Walter Mondale said that he had looked long and hard for the best candidate to be his vice-presidential running mate for the November elections. Then, over the waves of applause and emotion-choked cheering, the Democratic vice-presidential candidate announced, "I found her in Geraldine Ferraro." In a stroke, there-born New York Congressional Representative Ferraro became the first woman in the 200-year history of the Union to contest one of the two top offices in the most powerful nation on earth—and the one that is, in theories of the rest of the world, the arbiter of Western democracy. And if the Mon-

dale-Ferraro team beats the odds and President Ronald Reagan in November, a woman will for the first time be a heartbeats away from the highest political office in the world. Still, Mondale "History speaks to us today. Our founders said in the Constitution, 'We the people'—not just the rich, or men or white, but all of us."

Memorandum. For her part, Ferraro referred to Mondale's former stint as vice-president to Jimmy Carter "American history is almost doors being opened," she said, adding, "Thank you, Vice-President Mondale—vice-president—that has such a rare ring to it." Still, it was Mondale's determination to prevent his campaign from collapsing on the eve of last week's Democratic convention as much as his willingness to recognize women's political strengths that led to his decision. After a grueling four-month primary campaign in which he only narrowly beat back a major challenge from his chief rival, Colorado Senator Gary Hart, Mondale had to face a gradual hemorrhage of confidence

among Democratic party leaders who increasingly doubted his ability to overcome Reagan's steady lead in the polls. Indeed, Mondale's decision, widely applauded as "a bold stroke," may have come just in time to reverse a growing conviction among Democrats that he was drifting into indecision and passivity. In the weeks since the last, decisive primaries in New Jersey and California, when he wooed the delegates to take him over the 1,967 mark necessary to claim the nomination, Mondale had retreated to his North Oaks, Minn., home to conduct a series of interviews with vice-presidential prospects. But by including two women besides Ferraro, one black, one Hispanic, and just one whose male—Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen—Mondale may have inadvertently asundered his image as a practitioner of "special interest" politics.

The North Oaks interview also drew critical, harsh fire. Mondale's opponents, Bay-Jesse Jackson, the third candidate for the nomination, said that the exercise constituted a "a PR parade of



"personality." Hart added that they "suffered of posturing." And after the National Organization for Women (NOW) mounted a high-profile campaign for a woman nominee, Mondale appeared to be losing control to a groundswell of expectations among women and minorities. Conservative columnist Garry, Will commented that Mondale failed to pick a woman. "He will have lost half the population upon its lips and then not found it."

As a result, the woman Mondale has now picked has formidable obstacles to overcome—not the least of which is trying to meet the expectations of the hundreds of thousands of women who supported her. Still, Ferraro is a political veteran, and her close friendship with her commitment to feminist issues and to improving the conditions of the working class is genuine. Indeed, Mondale introduced Ferraro last week as a woman whose life story "is the classic American Dream." She was born in Newburgh, N.Y., 46 years ago to Dominick Ferraro, an Italian immigrant, and his wife, Antonetta, who was a native New Yorker. Eventually becoming a prosperous entrepreneur, Dominick lavished affection on his daughter—effectively seeking her a replacement for a son, Gerald, who was killed in a car crash at age three.

Fast track: That relationship ended tragically in 1943 when her father died of a heart attack. He was 64, and she was 8. The family quickly began to run out of money, and Ferraro's mother was forced to move to an apartment in the Bronx, cranking behind dresses in New York's garment district to support her daughter. An early achiever, Geraldine was scholarships to the prestigious Marymount Catholic prep school and worked her way through Marymount's Manhattan college, a teaching school for daughters of doctors. Not a Catholic elite. While her schoolmates pruned for debutante functions, Ferraro hawked handkerchiefs at Bloomingdale's department store. Her mother, she recalls, went "without meat for months" to buy her a \$70 dress for her 1963 high school graduation.

While teaching in New York elementary schools, Ferraro earned a law degree at Fordham—by taking night courses—and three days after passing her bar exam she married John Zaccaro, who has since become a wealthy real estate developer and set aside early objections to his wife's fast-track career. As for her maiden name, she explains, she kept it "to honor my mother." For her years of support, Antonetta Ferraro remains a daily confidante of her daughter's. "I feel like I'm in heaven," she told reporters after learning of Geraldine's nomination last week.

Ferraro's own first years of marriage

were devoted to raising three children—Dorcas, now 32, a financial analyst; John Jr., 26; and Laura, 18, both students—along with working part-time in her husband's office and dabbling in the politics of local Democratic clubs in Queens. Her first serious involvement in public life took place a decade ago—after the children could be taken care of by others. A cousin, Nicholas Ferraro, then the newly elected district attorney of Queens, appointed her as a prosecutor in the borough's "special victims bureau."

There, Ferraro prosecuted the kind of criminals that give New Yorkers nightmares: rapists, child abusers, muggers and murderers of the elderly. Eventually, she had nightmares of her own. "I can't get the images out of my head," she told a *New York Magazine* reporter. "I remember once there was a 30-year-old child who had been dipped in boiling water."

Tough. Mostler "exhausted" by her experience was fired by an initiative to change society through the political process, she sought the approval of local Democratic leaders to run for a vacant congressional seat in 1978. Reluctant but intrigued, she and her husband collected enough signatures—most of them at a local supermarket—to get on the party's ballot and win. Her slogan: At Last, A Tough Democrat.

Ferraro has won re-election twice in her district in Queens, a zone of color and middle-class Italians, Jews and Greeks which served as the model neighborhood for *TV's* *All in the Family*. Its values, in fact, rather resemble those of Archie and Edith Bunker Bunker. Ferraro, who enjoys a 75-per-cent voting approval rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action, has managed to hold on to support from her conservative constituents, although she favors legal abortions and opposes Reagan's plans for the tax cut and his Central American policy.

Ferraro also lends faithfully to local needs. For one, she sits on the House committees on transportation and public works, both of which provide opportunities to funnel assistance to La Guardia and Kennedy airports, which lie in her district. Her strong family life and her reputation as a hard-nosed investigative prosecutor help too. She was re-elected in 1982 when the district voted strongly for Reagan, and she swept it again in 1986 by a solid 73 per cent.

In Congress, Ferraro's influence, hard work and team player loyalty quickly appealed to House Speaker Thomas (Tip) O'Neill. He became her mentor,

Hart (top). Mondale: concerned that front-runner may lose momentum



placing her on a fast track that led to a seat on the key House budget committee for some time many men schisms last summer. O'Neill, along with New York Gov. Mario Cuomo and Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy, became early and ardent Ferraro fans. That sort of backing helped win her powerful party post—membership on the 1981 conference that shaped this year's presidential nominating rules and the chairmanship of the Democrats' 1984 platform committee.

Delighted. In Canada most women's leaders reacted enthusiastically to Ferraro's appointment. Judy Brady, the federal minister responsible for the status

Campaigns was among those who considered Ferraro's appointment to be significant. Stud Campagna, who accompanied during the weekend that she will run in the riding of North Vancouver-Burnaby. "Mondale chose a woman because the women of the United States wanted a woman. But not, it appears, because he wants a woman." Campagna said that Ferraro has not earned her appointment by taking part in the primary process. "It is obvious," Campagna added, "that had she not been a female she would not have been appointed to this position, and I am opposed to that."

Ferraro's congressional record is not

The asphera is going to gain, and in a couple of weeks or so the reaction will show that Mondale has made a very grave mistake.

Risks: But choosing Ferraro before the party's convention opened—a course urged on Mondale by top party leaders as well as feminists—offered the Minnesota Democrats a way to secure a political benefit that may easily outweigh the longer-term risks. For one thing, it secured an electrifying burst of publicity and popular endorsement which helped Mondale revive a candidacy that had clearly slipped away from him in the opinion polls in early June. Mondale's rivals, Hart and Jackson, were noticeably edged—indeed, in fact, to applauding Ferraro's nomination—and the prospect of a fresh second round of the candidacy at the convention faded sharply.

Earlier, Mondale's problems of credibility had been compounded by Jackson's controversial handling of the party's loss to Carter in 1976, and by a widening split that Jackson's candidacy exacerbated between Mondale and Jesse, both key elements for any winning Democratic coalition (see p. 21). Further problems arose when a lawsuit, Ronald Reagan launched his own re-election campaign on a charge of upholding patriotic rhetoric while looking in the

slow of decreasing unemployment and inflation. By the first week of July, Mondale's problems had grown deadly serious. When the latest Gallup poll showed him slipping further behind Reagan—53 per cent against 37 per cent compared with the president's 50—majority

grew among Democrats who must free their own elections in November under Mondale's leadership. "The [vice-presidential] battle show of it has much more than enough," said California Congressman Tim Wirth last week. Indeed, on the very eve of his announcement that he had chosen Ferraro, fears were mounting that Mondale delegates might bolt to Hart or even draft a "dark horse" candidate.

The naming of Ferraro dispelled those fears almost at once by satisfying both the demand for a woman candidate and the Democrats' desire for strong leadership from Mondale. Polls



of women, declared, "I am delighted. The appointment will advance Canada. We can expect the same kind of gender gap here, and that is why we are running a record number of women in our campaign." Added Chavira Hersh, president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women: "I think it is a great opportunity and I hope that we will soon see a woman presidential candidate. Our societies are still enough that the existence of a woman as vice-president makes a lot of difference in people's imaginations and breaks the stereotypes of what women can do."

Not Liberal party president fans of either side either. She has shown keen skill at highlighting women's views on such issues as national defense and social welfare spending. But it has been a hard battle, lacking much exposure to foreign policy in particular. And that is certain to expose Mondale to accusations that he passed over better-qualified men by asking Ferraro to run with him. An conservative commentator Patrick Buchanan put it, forecasting a probable Republican campaign threat: "Walter Mondale has taken affirmative action to the second-highest office in the nation. He's placed anxiety about the ability, gender ahead of competence."



vouching crowd: control in San Francisco. After, over-extended convention breaks

of Democratic convention delegates, half of them weren't this year, but shown that 60 per cent favored a cool ticket even before Mondale moved. "Everybody takes pride in new breakthroughs—the first black baseball player, the first woman astronaut or woman vice-president," said New York Mayor Ed Koch, reflecting the Democrats' euphoria. "Elevating a woman and closing the gender gap is a contribution of historic proportions," added Jackson, whose backers still planned to press for convention votes on four priority positions covering nuclear arms, national defense and race relations.



Gay demonstrators in San Francisco celebrating victory from the media and the public

For Mondale, achieving a unified—if not fratricidal—convention was probably grounds enough for naming Ferraro his own political career has made the former vice-president acutely sensitive to the Democrats' tendency to self-destruct in bitter, bare-knuckled convention battles. The traumatic 1980 convention which nominated Mondale's political master, Hubert Humphrey, for president erupted in street riots and swirls of tear gas as an intense demonstration boiled Chicago police. It also opened a paternity suit that has not fully faded between all-line party bosses and the Democrats' reluctant left wing. Humphrey's nomination victory proved pyrrhic. He lost narrowly to Richard Nixon in November.

Four years later, in 1982, after a reform of party rules and an active peace movement, was George McGovern, the nomination, party regulars like Chicago Mayor Richard Daley expressed their disgust. Daley described the victorious president and reform insurgents at the convention as "Jacks who took like Jills and smell like Jills." Then, the hard-liners in effect outbegan McGovern's campaign against Nixon, who was re-elected in a landslide. Again, in 1984, Senator Edward Kennedy's dogged last-minute campaign to wrest the nomination from Carter—the unpopular incumbent—fairly divided the Democrats. The unbridled words of that struggle facilitated Reagan's sweeping victory.

aided what may be the weak Democratic reply "Thirty-four per cent of the population is not a special interest."

Useless trivia? Ferraro is not just the first woman to be nominated for vice-president. An Cuomo pointed out, she is also the first Italian Roman Catholic. Italians are a large and ethnically proud group in the United States, with a storied tendency to vote for candidates whose names end in a vowel. Ferraro's Catholic faith—something she stresses repeatedly—should also help. Finally, she hails from New York, a state with 36 of the 53 electoral votes needed to win in November.

Ferraro is a tireless politician with a sparkling sense of humor and a sharp sense of opponent's political vulnerabilities. A loyal party regular, she will project strong opinions across the gaps between Mondale's elderly blue-collar base and the affluent young urban professionals who flocked to Hart. Her backers possibly argue that she is the woman to shatter Washington's top-office gender barrier. "She's intelligent, she's strong, and we need someone to carry so many marriage messages to the American people," declared Cuomo. "If you give this person access on television, all of the stereotypes (about women) we going to dissolve." Emphasis on Ferraro's qualifications, Jackson added, is more intriguing. "In the end, we win these contests largely on the basis of popular appeal."

Ferraro's appeal, perfected among the "Anchor Babies" of Queens, is about to be tested on a national scale. Her debut promises to make the 1988 U.S. election one of the most interesting in a generation. With a cool tone of liberalism from the Northeast and Midwest against a right-leaning male duo from California and Texas. It will be a sort of East-West-South showdown. It is a performance—and a gamble—that few observers anticipated from "Pete" Mondale, a politician routinely deemed as "passionately cautious." Even he seemed somewhat bemused. "This is an exciting choice," he said somewhat diffidently in making his announcement. Then, when his last days confidence assertion unexpectedly provoked a standing ovation, he repeated it: "Let me say that again. This is an exciting choice."

Jesse Jackson's flawed crusade

Ever since he went to work for civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr. in 1960, Rev. Jesse Jackson has been a lightning rod for controversy. And never has that tendency been more apparent than during his quest for the Democratic presidential nomination. In high-profile visits to Syria and Cuba he secured the release of 23 U.S. citizens, winning a reputation as a fledgling statesman as well as the scarcely concealed hostility of the Reagan administration. Then, jockeying for it, he said that "naked extras will pick the president," he put his oratory at the service of Operation PUSH, the black-voter registration drive. Eventually, he gained the support of 440 delegates to this week's convention, a size large enough to guarantee him a strong influence there.

Threatened: Still, Jackson's campaign was fired by his own anti-Semitism remarks—for which he apologized too late—and by his reluctance to repudiate his associate Louis Farrakhan, leader of The Nation of Islam, a Black Muslim sect. On one occasion, when Farrakhan threatened the life of black reporter Milton Coleman of The Washington Post for revealing that Jackson had referred to Jews as "hyenas," Jackson said he disavowed himself "from the remark but not from the movement." Then earlier that month Jackson again issued only a qualified disclaimer after Farrakhan had described Jackson as a "gutter religion."

Jackson's reluctance to disown Farrakhan put pressure on Mondale to distance himself from his opponent in order to maximize his vital support in the Jewish community. During his lengthy, two-week quest for a renouncing move, he made significantly ignored Jackson is inviting candidates to his Minnesota home for talks that clearly appeal to Jews. Last week, as the deadline for Mondale's chase wound, he launched a vitriolic attack on Mondale. In an interview with the Los Angeles Times he said he was "disappointed" Mondale had "disgraced" polls of rank-and-file Democrats that he had shown he was the party's second choice for the vice-presidential nomination, behind Gary



Jackson addressing Washington congressmen: a lightning rod for controversy

Hart. "I should have had the same impact as Hart as a matter of process," Jackson added, asserting the fact that Mondale had also overlooked Hart in selecting a running mate. Then Jackson accused Jewish leaders of trying to "make him a parish" and "distance" him from Mondale.

That declaration caused a two-edged threat. For one thing, it revived the issue of Jackson's—and many of his followers'—generous anti-Semitism, an impression that the party is determined to eradicate. For another, his tirade seemed calculated to embarrass the Democratic party's nominee at a critical moment. With the start of the convention only days away, Mondale was under pressure from important sections of the party for delaying his choice of a running mate. Mondale's eventual choice of Geraldine Ferraro appeared to take much of the sting out of Jackson's vitriol, at least temporarily. It is as effective to make the black leader

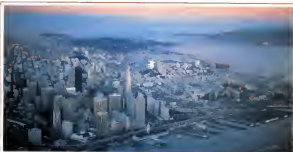
hated it as a "grant step." But even his praise reflected a hint of warning and of reproach. Jackson declared, "The closing of the gender gap is a major victory for all who want equality of opportunity"—an apparent attempt to contrast Mondale's generosity toward women with what Jackson contends is his disregard for black aspirations. The allegiance of the 114 million black Americans registered to vote—about twice as many as in 1960—is clearly of key importance to Mondale and Democrats recognize that Jackson's support could be critical to getting the black vote out in the November election.

Unhappy: Still, some Democrats argued that Jackson's regional stance on anti-Semitism had made him more of a liability than an asset. And a New York Times/CBS News poll indicated that blacks now look to Mondale rather than to Jackson for leadership. Indeed, the choice of Ferraro seemed to indicate that Mondale himself believed Jackson would be less destructive than the party had feared. As a result, Jackson over time a clear choice whether to continue breaking with party policy and risk becoming increasingly irrelevant or to accept current political reality in order to enhance his standing in the future.

—DAVID MORTON
with correspondents' reports

Farrakhan, a devotee





San Francisco from the air: air traffic, the city, the bay and the largest homosexual community in the United States.

COVER

A city that defies conventions

Rwylard Kipling affectionately described San Francisco as a city populated by "perfectly insane people." The 35,000 Democratic delegates, guests and journalists attending this week's Democratic party convention will probably notice. Indeed, the air traffic and the party planners planned to coincide with the expected presidential nomination of Walter Mondale and his chosen running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, promise to prove at least as exhilarating as the carefully choreographed antics inside the cavernous \$125-million George R. Moscone Center.

Two massive demonstrations—by union members and homosexual rights activists—draw as many as 100,000 marchers each last weekend to greet the conventioners and press their special interests on the convention delegates. Dozens of smaller, more colorful fringe activities will compete with the official business of the convention for media and local public attention. Among them, a Rock Against Reagan forum, concert, a self-appointed People's Convention and a large march in support of a freeze on nuclear weapons construction.

San Francisco's sex-shocked elegance and free-wheeling lifestyle have enthralled Americans and foreign visitors ever since the California gold rush of 1849, when the once-sleepy Nevada village expanded almost overnight into a raucous and prosperous boom town. By the turn of the century San Francisco

had become one of the 10 largest cities in the United States, its hills covered by spectacular mansions and its vibrant working-class neighborhoods teeming with Irish, Italian and Chinese immigrants. Not even the 1906 earthquake and fire, which leveled four-fifths of the city, dimmed its exuberance for long.

San Francisco's current prosperity is underpinned by its emergence as a major banking and trading center for Asia and the Pacific Basin and its role as the metropolis serving the high-tech industries of nearby "Silicon Valley." In fact, the Democrats will find a thriving city with skyscrapers rising at the rate of almost one a month and a hefty \$100-million local government surplus. That prosperity is enabling Mayor Dianne Feinstein—one of the women whom Mondale considered as a running mate—to launch a multimillion-dollar program of repairs for city streets and municipal buildings. As well, San Francisco is warring as expensive, lively combat security act for this week's conventioners. Federal, state and city police will wrap the Moscone Center in a virtual noose, and even airplane overflights are banned. At the same time, huge concrete barriers have been erected to try to prevent Beirut-style car-and-truck-bomb attacks.

Beyond the convention site delegates will find a bohemian, nightclub city. "Baghdad-by-the-bay," as San Francisco

in *Cherwell* columnist, Herb Caen once described the city, contains the largest, most self-identified homosexual community in the United States. As many as 20 per cent of its 700,000 citizens are homosexuals, and many Democrats fear that the week's planned demonstration by the homosexual community will dangerously segment a public perception of the party as a haven for feminism, pacifism and sexual aberrance. "San Francisco as a setting couldn't be worse," said Fred Siegel, a Democratic activist and author of a 1984 political-civil history of America since the Second World War, *Troubled Journey, Pearl Harbor to Ronald Reagan*. With its air of romantic hedonism, he added, diversity "screams up to us what two hours."

Those impressions may be reinforced for TV viewers by a demonstration against a Moral Majority convention, scheduled to coincide with the Democrats' national. The States of Personal Indulgence—a transgressive group of men given to wearing name habits—plans to "infect the Moral Majorityists." Led by Jack Pettig, an astrologer known as Sister Boom-Boom, the "States" are currently tolerated by San Franciscoers. But their act may play poorly as the American bourgeois—especially in a year in which President Ronald Reagan has made a modest virtue of the family, religion and patriotism the cornerstone of his reelection campaign.

—LENN GIBBY in New York

THE SOVIET UNION

The anatomy of a military disaster

The Soviet Union, never eager to acknowledge chaos in its military armor, had more cause than usual last week to remain tight-lipped. The reason: growing evidence that a series of explosions at a Soviet naval base on May 13 had crippled the northern fleet, the largest and most powerful of the Soviet Union's four high-seas fleets. In fact, Western military sources calculated that the blasts had destroyed two-thirds of the fleet's total of 1,360 surface-to-air and anti-air missiles and killed at least 300 navy personnel—the greatest disaster to occur in the Soviet navy since the Second World War. Still, Western military analysts disagreed on whether the weapons loss would have a long-term effect on Soviet naval readiness.

Although Moscow has said nothing about the explosions, information about them has circulated widely for almost two months. Indeed, the blasts were so powerful that at first it was thought that one or more nuclear warheads had been involved. Then, after studying U.S. spy satellite photographs taken before and after the blast as well as intelligence on data from instruments located in Norway, Western analysts traced the explosions to a huge ammunition depot at Severomorsk, a city of 55,000 people on the Kola Peninsula and the base for the northern fleet's 145 surface ships, including six aircraft carriers, and 150 submarines.

The first comprehensive account of the damage did not become public until last week. In a report that NATO sources described as "substantially correct," the British publication *Jane's Defence Weekly* said the blasts had killed an estimated 300 of the fleet's 900 navy and 50 air force surface-to-air missiles, nearly 200 of its 400 SS-N-3 and SS-N-12 long-range ship-to-ship weapons and its entire stock of

about 80 to 120 surface-to-surface missiles. Some of the explosions occurred less than a kilometer from a storage depot for submarine-launched nuclear ballistic missiles. Three of the air base's breakers suffered damage, *Jane's* added.

The precise cause of the accident remains a mystery. From the beginning, Western intelligence sources have rejected suggestions that the explosions resulted from covert operations by a NATO country. For its part, *Jane's* speculated that sloppy handling of weapons touched off the initial explosion, which triggered "sympathetic detonations around the whole complex." Added a U.S. official: "They [the Soviets] are extremely careful about safety procedures within their bases. There have

been a number of reports of fires and explosions at smaller bases over the past 10 years." Western intelligence also claims to have detected a number of Soviet military disasters at sea. Among the reported casualties: a Soviet nuclear-powered submarine, lost in the North Pacific in 1963, a Soviet destroyer, which exploded and sank in the Black Sea in 1961, and a nuclear submarine, missing off the Spanish coast in 1978.

There were differing views, however, about how seriously the accident had damaged the fighting capacity of the northern fleet, whose ships normally patrol the Atlantic and Arctic seas. According to *Jane's*, the fleet will not be a "viable force for the next six months" because it will be unable to return ships once they have fired their missiles. Added one official: "It will be two years before the fleet is fully operational again." But *Rob Knox* of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies disagreed: "We have no doubt that every available piece of ordnance has already been used to make up the losses," he said.

For their part, Pentagon sources believe that the most serious loss may have been the scores of nuclear technicians who perished in a failed effort to defuse the warheads before they exploded. Whatever the real situation, the explosion demonstrated the essential vulnerability of even the world's second-ranked military power. —ROSS LEVIN, with William Leites in Washington



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BRITAIN

Fallout from a kidnapping

At first glance there was nothing suspicious about the two wooden suitcases arriving from London's Stansted Airport. Their labels read simply "Diplomatic baggage." To the Ministry of External Affairs, Federal Republic of Nigeria, Lagos, from the High Commissioner in London. Then the police, led by Cmdr. William MacIntosh, head of Britain's anti-terrorism squad, opened the crates in a July 6 raid—and found four men inside. Three of them, all cautious and alert, were Israelis. The fourth was Umaru Dikko, 45, a former Nigerian transport minister who eventually leads the opposition to the country's military government from his exile home in London. Dikko, naked to the waist, was heavily drugged and unconscious. A tube led from his arm to a bottle clamped to an ankle wall.

Weeks, months, authorities released the exiled politician from hospital and allowed him to continue his recovery.

Lagos wants to know where the outspoken former minister gets funds to finance his expansive lifestyle

at his luxurious three-story, red-brick home in London's fashionable Pochester Square. But the kidnapping severely strained relations between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government—and the man it was trying to extradite. After the April 17 shooting of a London police officer and officials in Lagos, Britain delayed the departure of the Nigeria Airways Boeing 747 freighter that was to have flown the crates to Lagos, but Nigeria retaliated by detaining a British Caledonian Airways Boeing 747 and its 322 passengers and 22 crew members for two days. Then, after police changed a diplomat, Mohammed Yusufi, and the three other men found in the crates with kidnapping and administering an obscenely substance to Dikko, Lagos demanded his extradition. Finally, when Britain expelled two Nigerian diplomats, Lagos sent home two Britons.

Indeed, the pressure on both governments to take countermeasures was high. Both government and Opposition Labour Party urged Britain's Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe not to let Lagos do anything to prevent the kidnappers from being sent to trial. For their part, the Nigerian authorities

were clearly anxious to reinforce domestic supporters that they will not yield to any demands from the former colonial power. They were also eager to have Dikko extradited. The former minister, a brother-in-law of former president Shibus Shagari, whom the military overthrew last December, is the most wanted of the exiled members of the former civilian government. The military authorities are concerned by Dikko's outspoken opposition to their rule, and they want to investigate the way he finances his expensive lifestyle.

Still, Nigeria officially denied any part in the kidnapping, and British security agencies said that they accept that disclaimer. They added that it is unlikely that Nigeria's military chiefs, or the high commissioner in London, Maj-Gen H. A. Hamman, had any knowledge of the kidnapping. British sources said that a small group working under the control of the Nigerian National Security Organization, which has the task of locating and detaining supporters of the previous regime, was responsible. As a result, British authorities will likely conduct an extensive investigation into the mysterious way in which the hit team carried out its task.

Members of the group studied the layout of the house in a yellow van which was so conspicuous that it aroused neighbors' suspicions. Then, they seized Dikko at his front door, where his secretary, Elizabeth Hagen, 35, was the scarf and called the police. Her information enabled British police to guess correctly that there was a direct connection between the abduction and a report from Stansted authorities of the unusual presence of a Nigerian jet at the airport. Nigeria swiftly normally use London's Heathrow airport. As well, the jet in question had delayed its departure, scheduled for the previous day, in order to await a special assignment.

At their preliminary hearing last week the four accused—Yusufi, assistant Dr. Len-Arie Shagari, 46, businessman; Umaru Dikko, 45, and others; and Nelson Akintola, 31—were remanded in custody until a trial date is set. At the same time, British Home Secretary Leon Brittan said that he is considering the Nigerian request for Dikko's extradition. His decision is a difficult one. Thatcher's government does not want to antagonize Britain's leading African trading partner. Still, the political fury over his kidnapping made it unlikely that the British would send Dikko home.

—DAVID NORDEN,
with Jim Markin in London.

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PEOPLE

Ontario Jockey Club chairman **Colin Charles Baker** deluged the Queen's Plate by a month so that **Queen Elizabeth II** could attend. But then Prime Minister **John Turner** deluged the Queen, and as a result the horses will take off without her on July 30. And the winning jockey will have to make do with a handshake from Ontario Lt.-Gov **John Aird**, who will briefly shake his summer home in Muskoka in fit of the royal spot in the hoodie, the hat and the winner's circle. "I'm not replacing Her Majesty," Aird insisted. "I'm representing her and I'll have the beautiful Mrs. Aird with me." **James Redford**, trainer of Let's Go Blue, a strong contender for the plate and a favorite of Aird's, is looking forward to becoming the first woman owner of a plate winner. But she says she is disappointed that the Queen will not be heading over the trophy and the traditional 50 guests. Although many people will miss the Queen, no one is likely to complain that, just as Aird represents Her Majesty, the 68-golden prize, which **Queen Victoria** established in 1846, now comes in the form of a bank draft—worth about \$308—as the royal pittance.

There will be a new cop in the popular *Mid Street Blues* squad from this fall, and **Steve Davenport** (*Violence Women*) will not like her. That is because detective **Patry Mayo**, played by 33-year-old *Whitney* actress **Mimi Karpik**, has designs on Davenport's estranged husband, Capt. **Frank Parillo** (**Daniel J. Travanti**). After the first program's filming earlier this month, with Travanti, Karpik, a former dancer and stage

actress, declared, "Right now, Patry is a lot like me because we are both beguiling." *Mid Street* creator **Steven Berkoo** saw Karpik in Los Angeles last March after she did a guest spot on *Beverly Hills 90210* and he signed her up last month. "I didn't even have a chance to get the promotional butterflies," said Karpik, who had to feign shooting a car. More of the *Mid Street* cast, in Toronto, fly to Los Angeles and show up on the *Mid Street* set with less than a week's notice to cost her "very blue" eyes in Travanti's direction. But how long will Parillo's passionate wife tolerate her? Said Karpik: "I'm not worried. I've got what it takes to survive—down here. Experience—and a very good agent."

With her screen boyfriend, **Lance Guest**, **Catherine Mary Stewart** has become a celebrity in the new adventure-fantasy movie *The Last Starfighter*. But the 25-year-old Edmonton screen says that she is the traditional black sheep of the family. Her father, mother and two brothers all have university degrees, but, said Stewart, a Grade 12 graduate, "I wanted to be a dancer." She succeeded in that field



Karpik: stranger to *Mid Street Blues* without butterflies

when she joined the jazz dance company *Synergy* in Edmonton, toured Europe and auditioned for a part in the chorus of a movie being shot in Berlin. She got the lead role. After moving to Los Angeles in 1981 she won the role of **Ragla Brady** in the popular soap *Days of Our Lives*. Halfway through a grueling two-week audition for the *Starfighter* part, Stewart says she switched from thinking "I'll never get it" to "I have to have it." Unscientific, but a degree of sorts.

British rock singer and soccer fan **Rod Stewart** promised to provide some publicity for the debt-ridden Vancouver *Whitings* team when he arrived in their city last week for a one-night stand. *Whitings*' coach **Alan Hixon** made Stewart an honorary *Whitings* captain with a player's contract and sweater (number 17), which he had to wear at night and wear at a press-conference conference so that the town could use it as a promotional gimmick. In return, Vancouver Mayor **Mike Harcourt** declared July 10 **Rod Stewart Day** and Alderman **Bill Yee** bestowed the rooster-shaped rocker with two keys to the city when he arrived in his private jet. Stewart accepted the keys but had no time to put on the white-and-blue sweater, saying he would wear it during the concert. He did not do that either but he did screw his name on it, with an aside that summed up the publicity stunt: "It's a laugh, isn't it?"

—EDITED BY BETTE LAUDERDALE



Catherine Mary Stewart, Guest: a degree of success in *The Last Starfighter*

Fighting computer pirates

By Ross Laver

For entrepreneur Barrie Williams, president of Vancouver's Sydney Development Corp., it was a rude shock. Visiting Hong Kong last May, Williams was surprised to see one of his company's computer products—a computer game called *Spindle*—on sale in

moments. Apart from the pervasive presence of computers in large organizations, roughly four million North Americans own home computers. For less than \$20 they can buy programs worth as much as several hundred dollars. According to some industry estimates, illicit copying is on an widespread that in many as 30 pirated versions of a

duces an exact duplicate of an elaborate program, which may have cost several hundred dollars. By using a disc drive (the memory storage device found on most small computers), anyone can copy most software programs in about the same way that a musical cassette tape can be duplicated with a tape recorder. Once copies are made they can be traded

or thing, software vendors say that they are prepared to halt the rapid growth of so-called "software emulation clubs," which allow members to borrow computer programs overnight at a fraction of their retail price—and in some cases make duplicates. One company, Microcom Inc., has branches in Montreal and Ottawa and charges its 3,000 members \$25 a year for access to its library of 30,000 software packages. Said Alan Lefebvre, manager of Microcom's Ottawa branch: "I suppose it is possible for someone to use our service to make copies, but that is not our intention. Our only purpose is to let customers try out the program so they can decide if it is worthwhile to buy."

whether copyright protection applies to computer software. The case will not be settled for months, but other computer manufacturers are following their lead. Apple Computer Inc. of Toronto, which has captured nearly a quarter of Canada's personal computer market, is working permanent and temporary injunctions from the Federal Court of Canada against 28 distributors and retailers, claiming that their products, many of which are imported from Asia, are operating systems copied from its Apple II Plus computer. Among the models targeted by Apple are the Mac II, IIx2000, and the Zen 2001. Said David Killes, Apple's Canadian president: "The last thing we want to do is to eliminate healthy competition. If we are not protected by copyright, how can we be expected to invest the enormous sums necessary to develop new technology?"

Many software publishers contend that Canada's antiquated copyright laws are at the root of their problems. Passed in 1924, the Copyright Act provides protection for art, music, drama and literature but says nothing about more recent forms of creative work, including videotapes and computer programs. Last May the federal government issued a white paper on copyright law that outlined several proposed changes to the act, including a provision to protect for five years so-called "machine-readable" computer programs—the series of electronic bits that provide the core of a software package. But the legal issues involved are complex, and draft legislation must await the attention of a new Parliament after the Sept. 4 election.

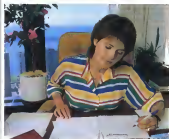
In the meantime, computer pirates will almost certainly continue with their lucrative practice. In fact, the practice has become so common that even some creators of the software which enables buyers to copy popular programs may be suffering. Robert McQuaid, former president of Toronto-based Quaid Software Ltd., specializes in selling code-cracking programs for \$95 to businessmen who want to increase their number of copies of programs used by their firms. But McQuaid, who insists that his operation is legal—he compares it to photocopying—is now concerned that he is losing business to a new generation of software pirates. Said McQuaid: "For a while I was offering a \$20 bounty for anyone who turned in an illicit copy of our programs. The fact is, I do not like the way software pirates are acting."

Jackman's trust merger

The two firms are in the same business and they have the same principal shareholder, but the Victoria and Grey Trust Co. (VAG) and the National Trust Co. have little in common. Toronto-based VAG, with \$2.3 billion in assets, is one of the country's leaders in the growth-oriented field of estate management, as well as in the innovative area of acting as trustee and agent for large corporations and pension funds. By contrast, the major strength of VAG is \$4.5-billion firm which has a far more diverse and hardware store owner on its board of directors—there in the department it gathers through its largely rural branch network, which it runs from Stratford, Ont. \$611, according to Harold M. (Hal) Jackman, VAG's chairman who, through K-L Financial Corp., controls an \$5.7-billion trust and insurance empire including a 49-per-cent stake in both National and VAG, those very differences made the two firms competitors. And last week the boards of both companies ordered an amalgamation plan.

If it is approved by shareholders, the resulting company—National, Victoria and Grey Trust—will own about 160 branches from Montreal to Vancouver and nearly 800 offices in assets, putting Jackman in control of the nation's third-largest trust company, after Royal Trust and Canada Trust. The merger decision had been widely expected in the investment industry. At the end of May both firms set up committees to analyze the possibility of a joint operation. In the end, they were moved to action by the threat of even greater competition from the nation's major banks. Said Jackman: "The rationale for the merger was to increase the existing business rather than going into new businesses." According to Jackman, the match will mean less, if any, layoffs and the possible closing of only one or two overlapping branches in the merger.

Jackman's other trust holding—Premier Trust of Toronto—will move under the umbrella of a newly formed holding company, the National Victoria and Grey Trust Ltd., but he said that its operations will remain separate. The reason Jackman's long-term goal is to convert Premier Trust into a bank. Jackman also contends that his merger strategy will be copied by other firms as the trust industry grows more competitive. Said Jackman: "I think there will be a continuing consolidation of smaller trust companies." —IAN ADLER



Kingston, Microcom's office, less than \$10 can buy illicitly copied software that could sell for several hundred dollars.

a local electronics shop. When he ordered the program a salesman loaded it onto a personal computer and within seconds cranked out an identical—and unmarked—copy. The price for the bootleg software, about \$11, was double less than its cost in Canada. Williams's experiences reflected a dilemma facing Sydney Development's—a 20-year-old firm with 1800 sales of \$2.5 million—and the more than 3,000 other firms in Canada and the United States that are involved in the software development business. Computer software piracy—the illicit copying and marketing of popular programs—is spreading rapidly through the \$3-billion North American computer software market, and legitimate operators are concerned. Declared Jean-Michel Paris, president of Montreal-based Logo Computer Systems Inc.: "We are being robbed systematically."

Demand for the pirated material, ranging from children's games to sophisticated business accounting programs worth thousands of dollars, is

popular programs are made for every legitimate copy sold. Now, major computer firms are turning to the courts for protection. And last month in Canada Ltd. was an interim court injunction preventing Spindle Computers Inc. of

Systematic thievery is spreading rapidly through the \$3-billion North American computer software market

Montreal from marketing a software system that copied an IBM product. Then, on July 3 Apple Canada Inc. launched lawsuits against 38 individuals and companies in Canada, alleging infringement of its Apple copyright.

Software copying is a relatively simple procedure. In many cases a copier needs only a personal computer to pro-

cessing friends or could cheaply through retail stores or mail-order outlets. The report had a ready market, but Paris, of Logo Computer Systems, one of Canada's largest publishers of educational software, noticed that consumers in general suffer as a result of piracy. Said Paris: "The thing to remember is that the consumer pays for it in the end. If only a fraction of the users of a software package actually purchase it, then the price has to be that much higher in order to recover our costs."

Still, software publishers admit that there is little they can do to stop the practice. For one thing, a lucrative market exists for computer programs that can crack the codes of original software packages and duplicates them. Among the code breakers: Locksmith, Nibbles Away and Wildcard, all marketed in the United States. Explained Paris: "We use copy protection systems on most of our software, but it is really only a matter of time before somebody figures out how to break them." The anti-



The courts may eventually be able to arrest legitimate computer companies. The recent decision in the IBM case may prove pivotal. Federal Court Judge Barbara Reed issued a temporary injunction ordering Spindle to stop selling a personal computer imported from Taiwan and marketed as the Crown model—70-801. Describing the computer's memory chip as a "hitman" copy of one developed by IBM, Reed ruled that such software systems are protected by copyright and that failure to grant an injunction could "open the floodgates" to other unauthorized copies. Said Judith Krupar, a Toronto lawyer and editor of the Canadian Computer Law Reporter: "The real case is important because it is the first time that a judge has given a really thorough analysis of

Killing 30 lawsuits





MacLellan: problems store is part from attempts to appeal to older consumers

An ailing chain cuts staff

It represented a dramatic break with tradition. Last week Simpson's Ltd., the Toronto-based retailing giant with 33 stores in seven western Canadian cities, laid off 1,631 of its roughly 14,000 employees in what spokeswoman said was an attempt to reduce financial losses. The company, which has traditionally emphasized its owners for employees' welfare, declared that after two years of operating at a deficit, the layoffs would provide it with annual savings of \$20 million and help it recover from its position as the most unprofitable major department store chain in Canada. Simpson's does not reveal its financial situation—it is 100 per cent owned by Winnipeg-based Hudson's Bay Co., which, in turn, is 75 per cent owned by the family of Toronto tycoon Kenneth Thomson. But merchandising analyst David Brode, in Capital Group Securities Ltd., in Toronto, estimated it lost \$65 million last year, after interest and before taxes.

Simpson's problems are the most extreme example of an overall slump in the department store industry. Between 1979 and 1983, sales fell by 13.5 per cent against Canadian "seasonal personal expenditures." And, despite a 3.8 per cent increase in the nation's retail sales in the first quarter of 1984 over the same period in 1983, the department store giants are steadily losing their market share to aggressive specialist discount chains. Horton's, a Montreal-based apparel retailer, Dyer's Ltd., of Toronto, which operates a chain of Beret clothing and shoe chains, and Canadian Tire Corp., based in Toronto, said Murray Genset, a merchandising analyst with Dominion Securities Pifford Ltd. "Simpson's problems are a product

of a symptom of problems in the whole department store industry."

According to Simpson's president, Charles MacLellan, the store's trouble is due to a result of its attempts to appeal to older middle- and upper-income consumers and its tendency to stock the same items in every outlet. Said MacLellan: "We realize now that there is a difference in consumer needs from location to location. The company's problems increased when Hudson's Bay bought control of it in January, 1979. Under pressure to promote the parent company's Benchmark-brand appliances, the stores' selection—and sales—of dishwashers, stoves and other major appliances dropped noticeably. Several attempts to reverse the decline failed. And an advertising campaign that proclaimed "Simpson's This" appeared to

severely harm sales, says MacLellan, who found the store's merchandise selection incomplete. And despite the ageing of new outlets in Kingston and Oakville in the past two years, Simpson's sales dropped by \$32 million in the same period. Most analysts agreed that the chain's main problem is Simpson's' comparatively high labor costs—a result of having too many full-time employees. Forty per cent of most department stores' staff is made up of full-time employees, with 60 per cent part time, but Simpson had the reverse ratio.

Despite sluggish sales, some department store chains made a profit last year. Toronto-based Sears Canada Inc. recorded a profit of \$34.6 million in fiscal 1983, and Saks Inc., a private firm, was also in the black. At the same time, Vancouver-based Woodward Stores Ltd., afflicted by a falling western economy, saw its profits slide to \$4.8 million, the lowest level in 30 years. For its part, the 27th-century Hudson's Bay operation lost \$4.8 million. And despite the Bay's rebuffing of personnel by eight per cent in the past three years, analysts predict that it could be the next department store to announce drastic layoffs.

The most immediate impact of last week's setbacks at Simpson's may be a surge in a few months-long organizing drive among its employees by Ontario's Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union. Last Laura Wagner, 33, a senior sales employee at the downtown Toronto branch. "People are asking for (more) work all through the store." Despite the employee resentment, Ernest Bengert, vice-president of personnel and distribution, declared that the company was forced to make the layoffs. Said Bengert: "We are a paternalistic company. We were reluctant to lay people off, but growth is very, very slow. We could not wait any longer."

Simpson's main store in Toronto. layoffs may boost its sales volume drive



Gold's fading lustre

Threatening U.S. dollar continued to hammer down other currencies last week. It drove the Canadian dollar to a historic low of 74.96 cents (U.S.) over the weekend. The Canadian dollar fell from 76.50 cents to 74.96 cents, the French franc to 11.45 cents and the German mark to 35.17 cents, its lowest point in 10 years. It also sent the price of gold—traditionally a haven for investors during economic storms—to a two-year low. After plummeting by almost \$30 (U.S.) the previous week to \$265.19 on the New York Commodity Exchange gold slipped last week before recovering to close at \$284.70.

The two-week sell-off caught even veteran gold buyers by surprise. Said one analyst: "I've never seen anything like this, confidence in the metal's future. Said Jane Plaza, vice-president of operations for Desai-Perrin Canada Inc., a Toronto-based currency and precious-metal dealer. "I must say that I am very surprised, but in fact it is the same level. I do think that the worst is over, but we may not have had bottom yet." Less optimistic was Rette Rappaport, senior metals analyst for New York's Prudential-Bache Securities Inc. Said she: "The feeling is that the dollar is still headed up, and gold has to test some lower areas. It could go to \$250 or so."

The surging dollar and high U.S. interest rates are the major forces pulling down gold prices and currency rates. The increase in the U.S. prime rate—charged by banks to their most credit-worthy customers—from 11 per cent in January to the current 15 per cent has attracted capital investment away from gold to interest-bearing U.S. securities. It has also added to the cost of borrowing to buy gold—a common practice among speculators. Said Françoise Savary-King, chief trader at the New York branch of France's Credit Lyonnais: "The world has an underlying shortage of dollars, and the United States offers high interest rates, a flexible, strong economy and a safe haven for investments. These are the fundamentals keeping the dollar high."

Staring U.S. interest rates have also forced many Latin American debtor countries to sell off some of their gold stockpiles to make payments on their \$320-billion debt to Western banks. At the same time, speculators in the Middle East, who have amassed large holdings in precious metals, also sold heavily last week, contributing to an abundance of the metal on world markets.

Still, the price of the U.S. dollar showed every sign of continuing. On July 13, for the first time in history, it forced the Canadian dollar below 75 cents (U.S.). Then, in an attempt to slow the currency's decline, the Bank of Canada sold additional U.S. dollar reserves to buy Canadian dollars. That buying campaign followed similar efforts throughout June that depleted Canada's international reserves by \$757.3 billion (U.S.), pushing them to \$2.88 billion. As well, the central bank stepped in late last week to raise the key bank rate 50 basis points to 13.25 per cent, the high-

est level in 25 months. That, in turn, led to predictions that the chartered banks' loan rates would probably rise again. The dollar's surge also had an impact on the fortunes of gold-mining operations. The gold price slide was reflected in the price of gold-mining stocks on major exchanges. Because gold costs between \$150 and \$400 an ounce to produce in Canada—depending on the individual

mine—many operations were moving the break-even point in terms of production costs. Indeed, Toronto-based Porcupine Mines Ltd. announced last week that it will suspend operations at its No. 3 Selkirk and Timmins mines in northeastern Ontario on Oct. 3, barring a turnaround before then. As a result, the company's share price fell to 98¢-member par. Said a company spokesman: "This decision follows a period of monthly losses for Pioneer because of low gold prices and the failure of these mine sites to meet planned production." Pioneer, which produced 250,000 ounces of the metal in the first quarter of 1984, recorded a net loss of \$725,000 (Cdn.) in the three-month period, compared with a net income of \$613,000 in the same period last year when gold was selling for as much as \$460.50 (U.S.) an ounce.

Further decline may be in store for gold prices, which the U.S. dollar has been driving down to surprising lows

At week's end, the U.S. dollar's short-term prospects continued to be buoyant. Retail sales were up eight per cent in June, and industrial production rose five per cent in the same period, contributing to the U.S. economy continuing to expand strongly. That could force even those investors who have been most confident in the long-term staying power of gold to think again—and perhaps to sell the precious metal and buy the mighty greenback.

—ANN PROBERT



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The quest for a national soul

By Peter C. Newman

Even in its initial phase the election has taken on the aspect of an early Shakespeare play, with its two main actors revealing more and more about themselves and each other as the drama unfolds.

It's one of those rare elections in which the campaign itself, instead of merely confirming a dominant trend, will determine the outcome. Election campaigns freeze the political landscape of a nation at a pivotal moment in time, heretofore litigating as the tug-of-war of the past competes with the pull of the future. What makes this contest so different—and so important—is that the Canadian economy is running out of options. We no longer have any margin for error in the conduct of our national affairs. Some fairly desperate choices are required, from either Brian Mulroney or John Turner, if the national patrimony is to be salvaged. The real fact is that partisan wars, no matter how heavily fought, don't resolve real problems. They only help to move us from a state of perplexity to a state of alarm.

What we deserve from our freshly elected leaders is not so much policy detail on how they intend to revive the economy as some flicker of insight which would assure us that they are able to tackle such a daunting assignment.

What has been happening in this country, without any politician apparently becoming aware of it, is that the nation as a whole nearly every previous electoral mandate since Confederation has been won—the promise to redistribute wealth, if elected—no longer applies. There is nothing left to redistribute. After two decades of Liberal rule (which followed its predecessor years of spending under John Diefenbaker) the federal treasury is not just bare; it owes \$100 billion. Ottawa has had only three budgetary surpluses in 30 years.

Despite these awesome truths, the politicians keep pretending that nothing fundamental has changed, that capital formation will create new jobs, as that the way out of any future recession is to seal the economy with fancy new regional subsidies, write-offs and tax incentives. What happens in real life is that any businessman with his bottom line promptly uses the extra Ottawa funds to either pay off his debts or modernize his plant—creating few new jobs in the process. Back in C.D. Howe's 1950s, the decade whose spirit Turner is attempting to resurrect, a debate raged

among Canadian economists about whether three per cent unemployment was a sustainable total. Four economists in the past 30 years have each brought with them lengthening rosters of the perennially jobless, so that we have reached the absurd situation of politicians boasting that they might, just might, be able to reduce unemployment to 10 per cent. That issue and that issue alone is what this election is about.

It may be asking too much, but it seems to me that politicians have to



Turner reaching out to repair the damage.

about thinking aside, few new ideas have eased stress in their countries since Raymond Keynes delivered his ruminations from his Cambridge pulpit half a century ago. The business-poor pragmatism that passes for Canadian political ideology long ago exhausted its usefulness.

At another level, this election is about the re-establishment of the Liberal and Conservative as national parties. No longer can we pretend that it's even vaguely possible to govern this country

when the Liberals only have taken representation in the West and the Conservatives retain a similar status in Quebec. The only way to prevent the special interests of one province or region from dominating Ottawa's concerns is to recruit both parties to having truly national commitments. This is the value of Turner seeking election in British Columbia and Mulroney going for his seat in Quebec. Both men are reaching out to repair the damage of their predecessors in losing their parties very nearly to regional movements. Even neither leader is likely to be defeated on his chosen ground, the rejuvenation process of turning both the old-line parties back into national instruments will at least have been started.

The other, unspoken issue is that campaign in the future of Canadian democracy. There are fewer than 30 functioning democratic governments remaining in the world, with most nations, willingly or otherwise, having become one-party states. With the Liberals in power for all but seven of the past 30 years, we are approaching their stature ourselves.

Democracy requires alternation. Certainly, the Liberals under Turner would be different from the same party under Trudeau, just as the Trudeau government did not perpetuate all the premises of the Pearson regime it succeeded. But there is more to it than change of leadership. Only the defeat of the Liberals would shatter the political-moderate juggernaut that has ruled Canada for most of the past half century. "If the trend is prolonged enough," warns the late, great historian W. L. Morton about the Liberal hegemony, "its implication is dictatorship, even within a democratic society."

Proof of that startling proposition was the orgy of 225 patronage appointments that accompanied the Trudeau departure. Here was a one-party state fixing its authority with an arrogance that no other government this side of Canada would risk. It was the final cry of Trudeau's career that he entered politics to battle the corrupt patronage machine of Maurice Duplessis and that he left politics explaining it.

Surviving the long number of Liberal hacks guaranteed lifetime incomes gained at taxpayers' expense, the only appropriate comment that needs to be made in the kindly resurfacing offered by Grace Slick, lead singer with Jefferson Starship, at a San Francisco concert recently: "I can't sing and throw up at the same time."



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VOLKSWAGEN

Cooling the street scene

By Jane O'Hara

For three years Vancouver's already populated West End, a trendy downtown neighbourhood of condominiums and high rises, was Canada's most notorious mid-night district. Each night so many as 100 female and 20 male

visitors of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association, said that if society cannot control prostitution under existing laws, then it should change the laws. And Cerniga. "The parliamentary procedure, although slow, is a safety valve against emotional issues. This injunction is nothing more than disguised legis-



Reopened Vancouver prostitute 'a public nuisance'

lative against prostitution." Cerniga is opposing the injunction on behalf of a prostitute, Penny Marie Hansen, who approached the association for help. Juvon Fabman, a representative of the Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter, called the injunction "a dangerous precedent," and added, "The attorney general has cleared the streets just so women of property can retain

inflation against prostitution." Cerniga is opposing the injunction on behalf of a prostitute, Penny Marie Hansen, who approached the association for help.

Juvon Fabman, a representative of the Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter, called the injunction "a dangerous precedent," and added, "The attorney general has cleared the streets just so women of property can retain

lead values." But businesses were delighted. Said Leigh Clark, general manager of the Hotel Georgia, one of many businesses that had been besieged by the problem: "We probably lost \$400,000 a year in sales from visitors and consumers that have been excluded."

Further legal battles are inevitable, but at least one other city with similar problems quickly followed Vancouver's lead. Last week the city council of Nanaimo, B.C., a hotbed of law suits, is fighting an invasion of prostitutes, visited by said Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry for a court injunction similar to Vancouver's. But it appeared unlikely that it would go any further. Before even receiving a request from Nanaimo, McMurtry said that the B.C. court order was unprecedented in Canadian law history. He said that it appeared to be a response to a particularly severe problem in Vancouver, adding that the courts might not consider the prostitution problem in Ontario's communities to be serious enough to warrant such drastic action.

Vancouver's latest legal battle began in March, when city council drafted a bylaw to prohibit selling or buying sex in public places, with fines of as much as \$2,000. But the B.C. government denied the city's request for such regulatory powers on the grounds that they would not stand up to a court challenge. Then in May, Smith, at the urging of the Shanté Johns organization, declared that Vancouver could not wait any longer for the federal government to amend the Criminal Code, enabling the police to prosecute prostitutes. He filed an application against 20 people, including 21 prostitutes—none of whose names were made public—seeking to have them declared public nuisances. The outcome was McMurtry's interim injunction, which is effective until a trial takes place to decide whether or not a permanent injunction is warranted. Describing the West End as "an urban trench," the judge also said that he would extend the injunction to any other area "where a nuisance might arise." Declared lawyer Raymond Chiswick, who represented the prostitutes: "The injunction is just a way of getting around the Criminal Code."

Now, as the practitioners fight for the most lucrative territories on the fringe of the West End, residents and businesses are objecting strongly to their presence. Said David Gagnard, spokesman for the Shanté Johns organization: "People are going to do better—not until we know they have gone permanently." Among West Enders there appears to be a suspicion that although a battle has been won, the war may be far from over.

By Jane O'Hara in Vancouver

MEDICINE

The flip side of AIDS

By Andrew Nikiforak

Sandra Stronge has lived as a clinical prisoner in her parents' Ontario, Ont., home for the past year, the victim of a rare and debilitating condition which her doctors call "environmental illness." Her illness is also known as "20th-century disease" because Stronge, like a growing but still-unrecognized number of fellow sufferers, is allergic to most modern synthetic materials, including plastics, pesticides, detergents and other chemicals. Indeed, after suffering monoarthritis three years ago, when she was 21, Stronge has reacted violently to exposure to many

things. With rooms made of such safe materials as porcelain, steel and concrete, and with chemical pollution kept to a minimum with air filters and water purifiers, it is one of few facilities of its kind in the United States. But no similar treatment establishment exists in Canada, and Stronge says her parents' home is a "steady state" of Canadian Stronge's Canadian physician, Dr. Ivor Korman, a "Walden" doctor, speaks in environmental medicine, and that in Canada many traditional doctors still refuse to recognize an illness such as Stronge's as legitimate.

Korman said that Stronge suffers from a complex disorder of her immune

ing of provincial embassies David Threlk, the province's department of social services has provided "special needs" funding to help three patients buy organic food and make their homes environmentally clean. But Stronge will not likely receive any government assistance for housing or long-term care when she eventually leaves the Fort Worth hospital.

Bob Ross, 35, a former Toronto florist with a wife and two children, is another Canadian facing similar problems. Unable to work for the past 10 months because of his debilitating sensitivities to food and chemicals, Ross has lost over \$10,000 from his family to buy a "safe" house, free of such irritants as carpets, wallpaper, mould, pesticides or any form of petrodiesel. He said that some level of government should at least provide direct financial assistance to patients and counselling for their families to help them cope with a dis-



Stronge (left); Korman, the "20th-century disease" produces violent reactions to most modern synthetic materials

everyday things, including car exhaust, cigarette smoke and even many foods. The results was uncontrollable hives, spells or paralytic depression, and her condition had worsened so much by the beginning of this month that she could not drink anything but spring water nor eat any food at all. In grave danger of starving, Stronge was flown to a specially designed, chemical-free hospital unit in Fort Worth, Tex., where by late last week, as a diet of purified water and organic foods, she was in stable condition.

A prominent Texas cardiovascular surgeon, Dr. William Keen, headed the Environmental Control Unit at Fort Worth's Northeast Community Hospital last October to treat a growing number of patients with environmental dis-

orders, combined with an inability of her body to dispose of itself of toxic chemicals such as pesticides. He described the condition as "the flip side of AIDS"—a disease which causes deficiency syndromes which has stricken thousands of North Americans. Said Korman: "These people's immune systems hyperventilate, whereas AIDS patients' underreact." There is still no reliable data on the numbers of people suffering from serious environmental illnesses, but Korman estimated that 15 per cent of the population is highly sensitive, or allergic, to at least one kind of food or chemical. He said that nearly 1,000 physicians are currently working in the field in the United States. In Canada only one province, Saskatchewan, has even taken any recognized the condition. At the ap-

point that he calls "a nightmare." Per their part, Stronge's parents have so far spent more than \$30,000 to keep their daughter alive. The doctors previously turned down their application for a medical allowance, and Sandra's mother, Shirley, said that she is bitter about the absence of support. "It is a horrendous thing for a family to go through," she added. "We have done everything we could think of, and then you have to go off to another country because your government does not recognize the fact that this illness exists." But friends of the Stronges have set up a trust fund to raise money to create an environmental cleaner than their present home. For Sandra Stronge, it may represent her only chance to lead a near-normal life. ☐



Charred shell of Air Canada DC-8 concerns about safety in aircraft design

AVIATION

The legacy of disaster

After 33 passengers died in the flaming wreckage of an Air Canada DC-8 in Cincinnati, Ohio, 11 months ago, officials in the United States and Canada set out to discover the cause of the tragedy. Neither investigation has produced a definitive explanation of the origin of the fire, but the disaster led to two recent initiatives that could have a positive effect on air safety. Last week a U.S. National Transportation Board preliminary report said that slow reactions by the flight crew contributed in part to the Cincinnati disaster. Then, two days later, Canadian Transport Minister Lloyd Axworthy released a series of airline fire safety recommendations which he said will lessen the danger of similar fires.

The ill-fated DC-8, en route from Dallas to Toronto on June 2, 1988, was cruising at 31,000 feet when a flight attendant discovered a small fire in a rear washroom. Testimony before the transportation board revealed that for four minutes and 30 seconds after the fire was reported, pilot Donald Carson received conflicting reports about the crew's ability to contain it. The board noted that from the time smoke was discovered, Air Canada flight attendants were slow to panic; both the cause of the fire and its severity. According to the report, the inebriated flight attendant is involved in a possible landing in Louisville, Ky. and is prepared to Cincinnati, where the plane landed and was quickly engulfed by flames. The three to five minutes of extra flight time, the transportation

board said, could have contributed to some of the deaths.

The Cincinnati tragedy raised new questions about the safety of aircraft design. In testimony before the U.S. transportation board inquiry last August, an aviation medicine expert said that investigators had found traces of cyanide in the bodies of all 33 fire victims. He testified that the gas was released from burning seat cushions. Last week Axworthy addressed the same problem when he recommended that fire retardant material should be placed around all flammable airline cushions. As well, Axworthy called for special lighting systems to aid the orientation of smoke-filled aircraft, heat-activated fire extinguishers in washrooms, new smoke masks for flight crew and attendants, and the installation of fire extinguishers that use the chemical halon, which airline safety experts consider to be effective in putting out electrical fires.

Industry officials say they have already begun to act on most of Axworthy's proposals, although Air Canada has estimated that it will cost roughly \$5 million over five years to completely retrofit all 130 planes. But airline passengers appear willing to pick up the extra costs. Said Kenneth MacDonald, air transport specialist with the Consumers' Association of Canada: "A U.S. survey done this year showed that 75 per cent of travellers are prepared to pay more for air safety. We think Canadians feel the same way." —PAUL McGRATH

PRISONS

Lessons of Archambault

It was the deadliest prison riot in Canadian history. On the night of July 25, 1992, at the Quebec maximum security prison at Archambault, 30 km north of Montreal, a riot left three prison guards dead, and two others committed suicide. But the trouble did not end with the riot. For several months prisoners' rights groups claimed that in the days immediately after the riot Archambault guards took brutal and illegal revenge on inmates. Sublater General Robert Kaplan initially dismissed the allegations, but when the human rights group Amnesty International echoed the charges last June, he commissioned corrections investigator Ronald Stewart to prepare an impartial report on the events. The results of his study, released last week, five days before inmates stabbed two guards to death in Montreal's St. Mary's Hospital penitentiary, confirmed some charges of brutality and raised far-reaching questions about the management of Canada's prisons.

Stewart confirmed that in the days following the riot some Archambault guards shoved, kicked, punched and pulled inmates by the hair. He also confirmed that guards threw prisoners' food on the floor and forced one inmate to kneel in front of guards and beg forgiveness for the murder of one of their fellow officials. As well, he found that guards had used excessive amounts of tear gas to control inmates confined to cells, sometimes shaking the substance directly into their faces. But Stewart insisted that his investigation was limited because prisoners and staff were "less than forthcoming" in their responses. Several prisoners had indicated which guards were on duty at the time of the alleged brutality had vanished—a disappearance that Stewart wrote "was not altogether inadvertent." The authority of the report diminished further when one inmate who had testified that there had been brutality later admitted he had lied and that other prisoners had conspired to fabricate instances of mistreatment.

Still, after releasing the edited version of the report, Kaplan was critical of the prison administration. He declared the inmates "The incidents established bring discredit to the staff of the institution and to the correctional service as a whole." He added that the report made it clear the control of prison officials



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"was only out good enough" and he ordered the formation of an advisory council on the administration of Canada's prisons, to be chaired by John Cawson, professor of human resource management at the University of Ottawa. Added Kaplan: "I believe that at a time for us to take a good, hard look at the way our legal institutions are managed." But Kaplan would want a preliminary audit. He would want a report by Commissioner of Corrections Donald Newman, due within a month. The minister also flatly rejected Amnesty International's call for a full public inquiry. Said the minister general: "There is no evidence to substantiate the more serious allegations of torture and sadism now being made, of which many countries denied their own testimony."

Protesters' rights activists remained critical of Kaplan's handling of the affair. Said Rev. Charles MacDonnell, moderator of the Church Center of Canada who joined Amnesty in calling for a public investigation into the allegations: "Kaplan adamantly, stubbornly refused to launch a full inquiry but instead let Canada's name appear on Amnesty's list, along with Iran, South Africa, South Korea, South America and Eastern Europe." Said Amnesty's report: "The solitary government's apparent approach to the allegations of ill treatment has been to try to pinpoint seeming discrepancies in small details of the allegations in an attempt to discredit those who made the allegations."

Other critics attacked the Stewart investigation's conduct. Commenting on Stewart's "conclusion" that his investigation was hindered because inmates were reluctant to talk, Montreal-based lawyer Renee Millette, with the Producers' Rights Committee, declared, "Producers refused to testify because they do not want an article was associated with Kaplan and wanted hearings conducted in public." Some observers also questioned the credibility of the producer who sent Stewart a handwritten note in May regarding his earlier testimony that guards had brutalized prisoners. Said MacDonald: "If they can fabricate the first story, they can fabricate the fabrication."

A number of observers criticized what they described as the inconclusive nature of the long-awaited report and they contended that it did not address the wider question of why prison guards were allowed to act illegally. Commented MacDonaid: "Kaplan has done a masterful job of walking on eggs." Kaplan's advisory committee is scheduled to present its first report to the minister within four months, but some activists fear that it will be too late—and that the errors of Archambault will be repeated.

HILARY MCKESSIE
in *Oliver*

MEDIA WATCH

A bias toward the status quo

By George Hair

Unlike Washington, where conservatives and other commentators are often identified as right or left, liberal or conservative, it is the practice in Ottawa for everyone to play the absolutely straight score, going undeflected by any pull of political philosophy, tribal partisanship, reaction to observed phenomena or plain common sense, right to the heart of every subject. Obviously, some of the 380-odd media people in Ottawa must, occasionally leave the glass, with the door shut, acknowledge to themselves, "I am a Liberal (or Conservative, or New Democrat)." But those are the few, and they do so in

Then, short of reading and listening to every line produced by every writer and broadcaster and applying the duck test—if it walks like a duck, quacks like a duck and lays eggs like a duck, it probably is a duck—it is difficult to categorize individuals. It is not evident that there is any widespread, consistent partisan bias. But there may be something else.

impotence of Canadian respect for authority and of fear of the unknown, that has the same effect. That manifests itself once an election has been called, an atmosphere of what has gone before, in a tendency to rally round the party usually in power, in case throwing the results on should produce the worse result of throwing less familiar factions in the party usually in power would not be the party usually in power if that were not the natural order of things, and one does not tamper with what is ordained, that is the respect-for-authority side of it. The other resembles the anger that afflicted Colombia's soldiers, that venturing into the unknown could result in falling over the edge.

An extreme example of the incident to another the status quo was a piece headed, Mulroney's Mistakes May Down Tories, by Toronto Star Bureau Chief Bob Hepburn the day the election was called, July 9. It said that Brian Mulroney's problem (see also George Drew, Robert Stanfield, Joe Clark) was image: "Despite a flood of recent policy papers," Hepburn said, "he is still perceived — as a politician who is all style and no substance. He wanted a glitzy new opportunity to erase that image last summer."

after wresting the leadership from Clark. But instead of tuning down on



where he riled on many issues, Moloney wailed. "Funny, that. Kurban, as June 28, Hephern wrote that on policy Moloney and Turner were as alike as peas in a pod, as much as that even their top advisers were pressed to sort them out—and that, in any event, 'the backbone boys [of both parties] have decided that [Kurbs] are not what the election is about.' Thus, they are the same but, in Moloney's case, reprehensibly the same, about something that does not matter.

Hibson on July 9 also said, "Turner has his Ministry on the defensive and is standing the headless fifth after day"—during the Liberal leadership campaign and the immediate aftermath. Mulroney could not have made the headless third of resigning the Tory leadership in-run for Pope—and that "line is rapidly slipping through Mulroney's fingers." Mulroney's "strategy" was "a head-on leveling with the Canadian public [presumably about the policies devoted to reform], by taking some risks as Turner is doing." Risk? Risk? In a column headed, "Caution: Turner is about to take risks," Richard Gwyn, the *Star's* national affairs columnist, said on June 30 that Turner had taken only one risk in his political career—when he got elected in 1975. Of several he had not taken, Gwyn listed: "the 1980 election, the 1984 election, the spending restraint."

in British Columbia. That, although his article failed to mention it, was held Turner move that Hopburn had in mind for Mulreny to emulate—which passed lightly over the fact that Mulreny's own pending decision on where to Quebec to run involved a risk to make any reasonable underwriter blush.

Not well-placed, is a telephone interview, said his negative Malvern marks as a risk taker for his stand on language rights in Manitoba, while Brown, budget analyst, former Daily Trust, political columnist for the Edmonton Journal and occasional western correspondent for the Star, said on July 6: "Hell (what is John Turner will) now benefit from 'westerners' increasing suspicion of Tory Leader Brian Mulroney, as a 'Trojan in Tory clothing,' a suspicion that scarcely could be unrelated to the language issue. The CBC, which itself has the status quo mothering instinct in both degrees, asked Ephraïm to recede his piece on the expending. Tory doom as a radio commentary the next morning.

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The new wizard of pop

By Gillian MacKay

A warm, velvet darkness descended upon the heart of the U.S. Midwest as 45,000 fans in Kansas City, Mo., sat waiting for the greatest show on earth. It was almost 10 o'clock when a deep voice proclaimed over the loudspeakers, "Raise all the world and behold." In a huge cloud of smoke a brightly lit platform rose out of the centre of the stage carrying Michael Jackson and four of his brothers. The crowd shrieked. The Jacksons leaped into Hanna Be Sherrin's "Smooties," and

into through pounding, rhythmic arrangements and snaky sound systems. And his hyperkinetic figure galvanises the clammy stage above like a lightning bolt. The trouble-riddled boy and the accompanying Victory album are not likely to prove high points in Michael Jackson's stellar career. But for many the show will offer a memorable glimpse of the dazzling talent that has made him, at 25, one of the world's most successful entertainers.

For seven minutes, dreamed media coverage of the planned appearance of the superstar in concert with his brothers

snub. But so far, mass hysteria has not erupted among well-behaved, quietly appreciative audiences for the Victory tour. Some fans complained about the \$30 ticket price, but Sheila Aida, 15, who owns 50 Michael Jackson posters, says "Totally," and the jacket she'd bought on the day he was on his first *Beat It* video, admitted, "I would have paid \$200 to see him." Her mother, Patricia, who drove for 24 hours from Junction City, Kan., to attend the show, agreed. "Like they say, he's a thriller," she said. "I remember when he was a little guy. I loved him then and now I think he's dynamite."

Starlet: Famous as a child star of The Jackson Five, Michael Jackson has long outgrown his role as the family showpiece. Since his solo 1979 LP, *Off the Wall*, produced four hit singles and sold eight million copies, his career has taken on a stellar trajectory. *Thriller*, which has sold 30 million copies worldwide, to become the best-selling album of all time, catapulted him into a stratosphere of celebrity, where he exists virtually by himself. Even his colorful rival on the pop charts, Boy George, who insists he is not a Michael Jackson fan, admitted, "He's a genius."

Jackson has antediluvian his fans by shedding his lively, buttoned-in image and transforming himself into a mysterious, otherworldly creature perpetually peering behind a mask. With his surgically altered nose, plucked eyebrows, spiky early and baby-smooth hair, he bears an eerie resemblance to his costume mentor, Dracula. At the same time, his trademark Sgt. Pepper jackets and single, white sequined glove receive mentions at The Beatles and Mickey Mouse. He has picked a few wardrobe staples—the glove, white socks, red leather jacket—and burned them into the pop lexicon as a genre-definer.

Like his friend, film-maker Steven Spielberg, Jackson is not an innovator but a consummate synthesizer, drawing from all realms of pop culture to create a sharp, high-gloss style that is all his



Marvin, Randy, Michael and Jannette Jackson in Kansas City: the most lavish show in rock history

their highly promoted Victory tour was off to a blistering beginning. And this week, as the tour rolls its 27th leg of equipment into Jacksonville, Fla., the third stop on a four-month cross-country sweep, still neither city will pay homage to the most published pop event since The Beatles' second North American tour in 1964.

Smooching: The most lavish show in rock 'n' roll history, it features flashing laser beams, billowing smoke, thudding detonations and a theatrical pop over the sword and the stone. In the sparkling delight of young children in the crowd, the knight in silver armor who pulls the glowing sphere from the stone turns out to be none other than the besuicent wizard of the music industry, Michael Jackson. His silvery voice

has inflated the event out of all proportion. It is Michael Jackson's first tour since the monster success of his 1983 album, *Thriller*, and probably his last with his brothers. Public figures—including President Ronald Reagan—have planned for their favorite cities to be included on the tour. The town of Falmouth, Mass., invited police watch by refusing permission for it to stop outside Boston. Explained administrator Andrew Gale: "It's the music not these we are afraid of."

Indeed, Jackson inspires a rare degree of fearlessness. Early this month a 17-year-old French youth committed suicide after his parents refused to pay for plastic surgery to make him look like his idol. A Jehovah's Witnesses sect in California regards him as the new Mes-



siah. Equally at home with the frenetic energy of rock 'n' roll and the softer strains of poppy song, he possesses a rare versatility in the world of show business. His latest hit single, *State of Shock*, is a haunting duet with Mick Jagger, and he will contribute songs to an album for Lena Horne and Frank Sinatra. In performance he plays the hard-driving *Beat It* with snarling defiance and crumples in sobbing anguish as the ballad *She's Out of My Life*. In his famous dance sequence for *Bills, Bills, Bills* he uses rubber-legged dervish in a tuxedo and top hat, emulating famous Meyer-style, stop-on-a-dime spins with the robotic spurs of contemporary break dancing. As Jackson has said, "I love to create magic, to put together something that's so unusual, so unexpected, that it blows people's heads off."

Rebels: Jackson possesses an uncanny ability to be all things to all people. He cuts like a chameleon across age and racial barriers. Toddlers babble his tunes and regard him as a real-life Peter Pan; teenagers covet his flashy dress and find comfort in his gentle, endearing appearance; and adults dance and work out to his music, which recalls 1960s Motown. Like Democratic presidential candidate Jesse Jackson, with his dream of a rainbow coalition, Michael Jackson has broken down the barriers that had virtually leached blacks from mainstream pop radio in the past decade. His level of stardom, according to his producer, Quincy Jones, "has never happened in a black performer before." Involving a strange magic growned between child and man, black and white, male and female, he is a dream product for popular consumption. As U.S. music writer Nelson George, author of *The Michael Jackson Story*, put it, "One size fits all."

Such top superstardom as Elvis Presley, Ray Dylans or The Beatles have traditionally posed a social or political challenge to the status quo, but Michael Jackson is by contrast an establishment figure, perfectly in tune with the conservative America of Ronald Reagan. His wholesome habits—abstaining from alcohol, cigarettes and drugs—and devout attachment to the Jehovah's Witnesses are well-known. Nothing in his manic, waxy public image or in his middle-of-the-road ballads and dance tunes suggests a hint of rebellion. Said British pop critic David Thomas: "Black like modern rock 'n' roll itself, Michael Jackson is no real threat to anyone."

There is no doubt that modern audiences are receptive to his brand of show business. Rock videos have transformed the music industry, providing a showcase for Jackson in much the same way as musical comedy did for Fred Astaire

in the 1930s. His elaborately choreographed, professionally directed videos are generally acknowledged as the most accomplished within the singing medium. Said John Martin, supervising producer of the national rock video channel *MusikMatic*: "He is in the clouds above everybody else." The short fantasy sequences he often directed in his own adolescent assistant in *Beat It*, Jackson, plays a skinny wackdoodle who turns into a dynamo when he dances and he breaks up a street fight between rival gangs by leading them in a Broadway-style protest number. In *Thriller* he is an all-American teenager who turns into a werewolf when he is out on a date.

Demerits: Videos have revived the demand for old-fashioned entertainment skills, an ideal situation for Jackson, who has been perfecting his act from the age of five. With his intense stage presence, piping falsetto and demure glances, pining falsetto and demure glances, far outlasting the fast spins and slides of soul singer James Brown, he was the natural choice to lead his older brothers, Jackie, Tito, Marlon and Jermaine, in the family group known as the Jackson 5. Their father, Joe, led, as the Jackson Five. Joe Jackson, a crane operator with an interest in music, thrust his children into show business with fierce determination. After school and on weekends he polished the pre-recorded rhythm-and-blues act. The boys spent most of their spare time rehearsing—and trying to ignore the shouts of other children playing baseball in a nearby park and the noise that unsympathetic neighbors occasionally bawled through their windows. The group practiced in homes in local clubs, where it sometimes shared the program with strip-tease dancers. Then, slowly the brothers moved up the ladder of the black performing circuit until they were playing such as New York's Apollo Theatre for Jackie Wilson, Gladys Knight and the Pips and Michael's idol, "Mr. Big Machine" himself, James Brown and his Famous Flames.

The hand-to-mouth days of picking dollar bills off the stage and waiting long trips through the night in a Volkswagen Microvan ended suddenly in 1969. Diana Ross, then the lead singer of the Supremes, endorsed the Jackson brothers and helped them group the dream of every struggling black musical act in the United States: a record contract with Motown Records. Within the calculated studio system that had produced The Supremes, The Temptations and Stevie Wonder, Motown groomed and polished the Jacksons for almost two years before launching them in 1970 with a string of catchy hits which included *I Want You Back*, *A&B* and *I'll Be There*. The handsome brothers in blue, psychedelic gear and beady Afro caught and rode the wave of national black

pride. At the same time, in the classic reformation of Motown leader Berry Gordy's crossover dream, they appealed to white audiences. Their wholesome image and sugar-sweet love songs, well-known through their television appearances on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* and Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, offered a soothing contrast to the malcontent of other black musicians of the era.



Jackson, Smokey: soulful revolution

At 11, Michael Jackson was on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. At 14, he was a millionaire. In 1970, armed with their lack of creative control at Motown, the Jackson Five left to join CBS Records (later renamed as Network to pursue a solo career, and the youngest brother, Randy, replaced him in the group, renamed The Jacksons). With CBS they continued to have hit albums, including *Destiny* (1978) and *Triumph* (1980). But like most other black groups in the late 1970s, they pursued a heavily rhythmic style which white-audience radio stations largely ignored. With re-

dis becoming increasingly specialized to appeal to target audiences, music was more segregated than at any time since the 1950s.

One of that opposing side *Thriller* shot up like a bomb. Produced by Quincy Jones, it provided something for almost everyone. The album spun off an unprecedented seven singles, four of which Michael had written. The God in *Blame* (performed with Paul McCartney), *Never Be Stupid*, *Smother*, *Beat It* and *Billie Jean*. In those songs Jackson updated the old Motown success formula of blending white and black traditions—horrorable tunes with rock-like dance rhythms. The merchandise darts with McCartney was the first single released from the album, earning wide-spread radio airplay. In another stroke of marketing genius, first it featured a sale by popular hard-rock guitarist Eddie Van Halen, broadening its appeal for white audiences. Jackson's videos further bolstered the album's popularity after CBS Records strong-armed the 20-hour rock video channel MTV into playing them. His television success of the Grammy Awards and American Music Awards earlier this year, as well as his much-publicized accident while filming a Pepsi-Cola commercial in January, only fueled the phenomenon.

Forced Jackson's solo flight has left the group harem of his boyhood far behind. He fired his father as his manager last year, after publicly objecting to a racist remark he had made about the white management at CBS Records. He is still close to the rest of the family, but the victory over is truly his. Just with his brothers. In fact, insiders have said that he overcame his strong dislike of leaving only as a favor to them. The tour is expected to gross \$60 million, at least \$5 million of which will go to the brothers. In addition, they will reap royalties from sales of merchandise and their album, expected to be a best seller, only because of the tour and Michael's participation. It is a blind consumer effort. The lead songs and original songs are by all five brothers, but only when they come up to the standards of *Thriller*.

With an estimated personal fortune of \$15 million and an ambition to be a movie star, Jackson needs the tour a lot more than it needs him. Drawn by disputes and disaffection, it has already tarnished his reputation. Don King, a boxing promoter with no experience in pop music, was the initial organizer. Jackson chose him, but he failed to do the background, reportedly at Michael's insistence. A group was among the six brothers was expected to have decided all aspects of the Victory tour, but Michael, known as a perfectionist, overruled most of his own decisions. Said King: "With Michael

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Scene from the Thriller video: catapulted into a stratosphere of celebrity where he exists virtually by himself

you are always on trial."

Only a month before the tour began, The Jacksons chase a new promoter, New England sports mogul Chuck Sullivan. He planned the tour into controversy by setting the around-the-board \$30 ticket price, which the brothers are now privately requesting him to change in favor of a two-tier pricing system. In addition, he testified a mail-order arrangement which required a minimum purchase of four tickets at \$120, putting the concert out of reach for many people. Although the three shows in Kansas sold out rapidly, sales for the two next stops—Dallas, Tex., and Jacksonville, Fla.—went slowly. Some concertgoers complained that the 90-minute show, which promoters had advertised at 120 minutes, was too short to justify the price.

Charity. One frustrated fan, 11-year-old Ladawnia Jones, wrote an open letter to Jackson, which the *Dallas Morning News* published, saying that she had been saving up her allowance to attend the concert but that the four-ticket minimum was prohibitive. "How could you, of all people, be so selfish?" she

demanded. Spurred to action, Jackson held a rare news conference one day before the opening of the tour to try to repair his image. An effusive creature in sunglasses and head-to-toe glitter, he announced in a trembling, high-pitched whisper that he had asked Sullivan to dismantle the unpopular system. "We have worked a long time to make this show the best it can be," said Jackson. "But we know a lot of kids are having trouble getting tickets." In addition, he announced that he would donate all his proceeds from the tour to charity. When he finished his short statement, the room erupted in a blast of strident lights and a roar of applause. Suddenly Michael bolted from the room in a blur of silver sequins. Tour publicist Howard Rosen later told reporters, "You frightened him."

There appear to be two Michael Jacksons: the onstage dynamo who dazzles millions and the offstage recluse who is frightened of his own shadow. He has experienced so life outside show business and has said he would live on the stage if he could. Instead, he inhabits a Tudor-style mansion in Encino, Calif.,

with his mother, two of his three sisters and a private zoo. To live alone, he said, would make him "the loneliest man." He plays on his own Disneyland-style rides and enjoys the company of a pet lion, a constrictor and a roomful of stereovision dinosaurs. "I surround myself with people I want to be my friends," he once said. "I can do that with manatees."

Outside his fantasy bubble Jackson has trouble coping with the public demands of superstardom. The jumbled, illogical lyrics of his songs are filled with images of paranoia and alienation. In *Billie Jean* ("Smile! Smile!"), he sings "You're just a dancer/You're a vegetable/They eat off you/You're a vegetable." In *Billie Jean* he attacks an evil woman who has accused him of being the father of her child. During a visit to the White House last month to receive a public service award from President Reagan, Jackson reportedly hid in a washroom so he would not have to spend a staff reception. Jane Fonda, on his roster of celebrity friends, calls him "one of the walking wounded." Spotlight described him as "a man in a burning forest."



Katherine and Joe Jackson (left), Jackson with Rose, dominating the press with stories of anguish and store-window displays



Jackson's reclusive life and refusal to give interviews have in fact enhanced his mystique. Tabloids mauling *The National Enquirer* speculate consistently about his sexuality and whether or not he will marry his occasional companion Brodie Brooks. Mainstream publications, as well, record his every move. The February release of the first of two Pepsi commercials featuring Jackson made the national news on the major U.S. networks. Indeed, the daily torrent of Jacksoniana—giving his mother a red Rolls-Royce for her birthday, making a video in which he appears in drag, wearing a diaphane to deliver religious tracts in Birmingham, Ala.—prompted the irreverent *Parade* Sun to start a daily column called "His Appear."

Michaelmania. Some critics have charged that Michaelmania is a myth invented by the media. Certainly, the Victory tour is a case in point. Despite evidence to the contrary, the press has presented an illusion of widespread delirium surrounding the event. The *New York Times* described a small band of screaming admirers who turned out to

see Jackson's arrival at a downtown hotel in Kansas City as a "mob." Fans were reportedly scrambling to get tickets, although in fact scalpers were ascending them for as little as \$5 a ticket (the Kansas City stadium. The Chicago Tribune sent a reporter experienced in writing about mob riots and natural disasters to cover the event. But there were more riots among the 500 journalists and photographers parking and shoving to cover Jackson at his news conference than among the 45,000 concertgoers. The furor surrounding Jackson has grown so loud that his biggest challenges in to meet the ever-expanding expectations. But it may be impossible to duplicate the success of *Thriller*. Said Don Gates, vice-president of marketing for CBS Records in Canada, "I do not know how he can top himself. We will not see another album sell like that within our lifetime." The next stop for Jackson is a career in the movies, and reports say he is now negotiating two deals. Many critics say that acting will be the ultimate test of his durability as a cultural phenomenon. And at least one of those who knows him well is betting

in his favor. Said Jones: "Michael Jackson is going to be the biggest star of the 1980s—and the 1990s."

Death. Over the next few months the Victory tour will keep Jackson in public view. And by some conjectures the encounter will be spellbinding. After opening night in Kansas City one tall peach stood beside a freeway, watching hundreds of cars stream out of the stadium. Dressed in a red leather jacket, Michael Jackson T-shirt and shiny black parachute pants, he proudly displayed a silver sequined glove on his right hand. "Michael gave it to me," he said. The fan was Charles Freeman, 11, from Lenexa, Kan., and he boasted that he had bluffed his way through the heavy security system at Jackson's hotel to meet the star face to face in his hotel room. Said Freeman: "He asked me did I like him, did I think he was the best? So, I told him I'd always be his friend because I hear he's a lovely guy." On the face of it, the tale seems credible. But in the never-sever land of Michael Jackson, where dreams always come true, anything is possible.

With Nicholas Jennings

Blurring the boundaries of gender

With his finely etched features, shrill, girlish voice and demure manner, Michael Jackson is one of the most sexually enigmatic figures ever to dominate the music scene. But Jackson is only the most visible of several major rock stars currently blurring the lines of gender. Nowhere was the wave of androgyny in pop music more vividly apparent than last February at the Grammy music awards in Los Angeles. A worldwide television audience of 85 million witnessed Rhythm- and blues singer Anne Lennox's stunning impersonation of *Blondie*. Then Culture Club's members, Boy George, dressed in a vampire-like latex gown, thanked America for knowing "a good drug guitar" when it saw one. That behavior has provoked outrage in some circles, but most American exemplars Jerry Falwell denounced Jackson and Boy George as poor role models for children. But many North Americans have reacted with sexual tolerance. Said John Martin, supervising producer of Canada's rock video pay-TV service, MuchMusic: "These are terrific artists, all evoking very sophisticated themes."

Confusing genders is a familiar gimmick of rock musicians. In the late 1960s the unambiguously effeminate rhythm-and-blues singer Little Richard flashed his heavily made-up eyes at audiences and shook his fluffy, feathered hair while shrieking in full falsetto. Then, in the 1970s the avant-garde David Bowie displayed a whole cast of androgynous characters, from sedate psychodelic alien to grim, concealed erotist.

But the recent return to androgyny means it is the most pervasive to date. **Wardrobe:** The advent of video has made Jackson and Boy George living room fixtures. Like Jackson, both Boy George and Lennox have already appeared on the covers of leading U.S. magazines. Culture Club has sold over nine million albums in North America, and now plans to launch a line of clothing, styled after Boy George's wardrobe. And meanwhile, a growing number of other artists have adopted sexual ambiguity as a prop.

Their appeal has stirred debate among cultural commentators, psychologists and parents. Last April, Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, refused Culture Club requests from its campus bookstore. But Kenneth Zucker, a clinical psychologist at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry who specializes in gender identity problems in children, saw no evidence to suggest that rock stars create gender confusion.



Boy George (above) Lennox sexual ambiguity

Said Zucker: "When someone plays with their sexuality in a theatrical way, we enjoy it because it helps us to master our own feelings about who we are." Dick Eklund, British father of *Isis* (see page 61) a useful role in society. "They present a black screen on which people can project any kind of fantasy," he said. Boy George is very vague in the British tradition of music hall. Michael Jackson, on the other hand, is pre-adolescent, like a Barbie doll with no genitals.

Boy George gives off mixed messages about his sexuality, and Michael Jackson chooses not to discuss his deliberate sexuality of friend Diana Lynn. But other performers are

more candid about their motivations. Lennox, despite her mannish grey suit and short-cropped hair, makes a sassy femininity through her manner and she considers her appearance to be a visual basis to her art. "I would be worried," Lennox told *Marlowe*, "if the only appeal of Rhythmism was some androgynous female staking around onstage. Other women in pop music, including Canadian Carole Pope of Rough Trade and Jamaican-born Grace Jones, have struck tough, indomitable stances to enter the traditionally male domain of rock."

Sexual: At the same time, male rock performers have adopted softer, sensual poses. In his frilly frock blouses and velvet suits, Prince, a provocative young singer from Minneapolis, is a sophisticated dandy who manages to combine a sleek look with wild hair. But while the music community does not question Prince's legitimacy as an artist, the response of Memphis, a former boyfriend of Boy George with a dubious taste at a singer, has produced titers among pop music observers. Marilyn wears big long, blonde hair brushed to one side and blonde hair measurements (38-28-38) in his biography.

Marilyn's future is uncertain, but the continued success of trendsetters like Boy George seems assured. And even when his day has passed, Haddge says that androgyny will persist in the pop music scene because "it answers a lot of needs and makes money at the same time." Added Martin, whose *MuchMusic* channel will begin airing rock videos from the clock on Aug. 31: "It's just good, wholesome fun." For a while, at least, sexual ambiguity is at the top of the charts.

—NICHOLAS JONASSEN



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Trivial games of war

YANKIES AT YORIK!

Book and lyrics by Sky Gilbert
Music by Miroslav Baran
Directed by Thom Szokolinski

Fashions is a necessary child of artistic development, but few fashions are as complete as *Yankies at Yorik!* Intended as an extravagant showcase of environmental theatre, Antonia Angel Repertory's musical version of the War of 1812, staged at Toronto's Fort York, is at once imaginative and trivial. Even with a \$250,000 budget, which includes large

the scripted squabbles among those over their roles. And composer Miroslav Baran wrongly assumes that critics from Kurt Weill and Jacques Ibert form a solid foundation for a Canadian musical.

Director Thom Szokolinski also fails to take advantage of the obvious resources at his disposal. First, there is Fort York itself. Instead of locating the action in appropriate buildings and moving the audience around the site to absorb its historic ambience, Szokolinski has staged *Yankies at Yorik* on the grass as if the fort were any local public park. Presenting the American commander and his men as



Chief of Yankies at Yorik: a tedious re-enactment of conflict in the colonies

agents from government and corporate sponsors to celebrate Toronto's sesquicentennial and Ontario's bicentennial, *Yankies* has neither ambience nor vitality.

Yankies fails because it attempts too much. A long-winded, indigestible program sets details of Fort York's role in the War of 1812, and the musical plot stretches itself far too thin in attempting to cover all those events. As the American (Canadian) hero, John Strachan (Stewart Adams), the garrison chaplain, struggles to resist honest Puritan virtues in his own role, notably Alvin Karpis (Kim Renshaw) Minerva, the Indian girl, Seneca (Susan) (Margaret Myles) provides an alternative viewpoint on the colonial conflict. But the cast members also comment from a modern-day perspective by making tedious attempts to deliver the Canadian identity. Two more irritating are

great purposes in a suggestive idea, but the underdeveloped plot of *Yankies at Yorik* runs for less than two hours—reduces compelling images (including parody to incidental music) and without any dramatic building, the sound and light show of the musical itself is merely an excuse for deafening fireworks.

Profaning *Yankies* was the project that initially started two Toronto theatre companies, Antonia Leaf and Newsway Angel, to form the Antonia Angel Repertory company. In exploring other ventures the new troupe clearly drained energy away from *Yankies*, and a wise choice might have been to scrap it entirely. The show's one pleasure is the company actors themselves, who still deliver engaging performances. Their talent and enthusiasm should encourage Antonia Angel to forget *Yankies* and move on to more promising theatrical experiments. —MARK CHARNICK



Direct and Finney: Balancing 'the shakes of too little and the shakes of too much'

FILMS

Simplifying a tragedy

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Directed by John Huston

Great novels seldom become great movies, but there is much in Malraux's 1947 masterpiece, *Under the Volcano*, that should make it the exception to the rule. The novel, about an Englishman drinking himself to death in Mexico, is densely packed with lush visual symbols and a vivid sense of mood and tone that would make any film that took its visual impact as only one of its strengths. Malraux's achievement is of monumental stature because it succeeds on many different levels of meanings, from an allegory of the social justice of Mexico to an exploration of the mythic Jewish exile. As the writer himself described the book "it is but music, a poem, a song, a tragedy, a comedy, a farce." It is superficial, profound, entertaining and boring, according to taste. It is a prophecy, a political warning, a cryptogram, a preposterous movie and a writing on the

wall." In simplifying that grand vision John Huston has made a film adaptation that is neither profound nor preposterous, but still manages to retain the dignity and terror at the heart of the novel.

The entire action of the film takes place on Nov. 2, 1958, in Carrizavilla, Mexico. It is the Day of the Dead, a festival that pays tribute to departed souls. Presents still grinning skulls made of bread and sugar, and children in gleeful garb rove throughout the town. Into the morbid festivities marches Geoffrey Firmin (Albert Finney), the alcoholic British consul whose personal hell is so tormented as the national representations that surround him. His wife, Yvonne (Jacqueline Besset), has deserted and divorced him, and his half-brother, Hugh (Anthony Andrews), a sophisticated left-wing journalist, tries at last to prevent him from slipping even deeper into his drunken purgatory.

Geoffrey's losing battle with alcohol is an attempt to establish a balance

between what he calls "the shakes of too little and the shakes of too much." When Yvonne returns unexpectedly, she finds him drunk in a car. Geoffrey terms and looks at her three times before he is convinced that she is not a hallucination. Finally, he offers her a drink, but she coolly replies, saying: "You have one, I'll cheer."

Andreasen will likely cheer for Geoffrey as well; he is treading down a self-destructive path because he doubts his capacity to love. Baffled with guilt about his failed marriage and a First World War accident in which he might have been responsible for the death of several German officers, he seeks himself with alcohol. Yvonne and Hugh, with whom she had previously had an affair, try to save Geoffrey from his self-destructive path. For a short time there is hope. When the two depart for the holidays in a neighboring town, Geoffrey promises to drink only beer. But once they reach their destinations, he immediately turns to liquor and soon lapses into a drunken tirade about Yvonne's infidelity. Abandoning the others, Geoffrey wanders into an isolated cabin where the film reaches its horrifying climax.

As the drunken curd, Finney is in almost every frame of *Under the Volcano*. His intense, compassionate performance prevents Huston's film from becoming a mere Celine Nola-style parody of the novel. Geoffrey wants only to look inward, and Finney captures the tension between his mental turmoil and his attempts at exterior normalcy. Most remarkably, Finney's pain, rarely face displays all the pain and exasperation of alcoholism. When he addresses another person, his eyes remain blank. Even when he gazes at Yvonne, he stares vacantly at a bottle while his hand subtly breaks his mouth and chin. In Finney's long shadow, the supporting actors have little to do but observe.

Obsessive, passionate, paranoid and noble, Under the Volcano is a young man's movie. At 77, Huston has transformed it into an old man's film. Where Malraux created what he called a "drunken madly revolving world" that lurled out of control, Huston portrays Carrizavilla as restrained, stately and world-weary. The camera is often static, refusing to imply the chaos of the Day of the Dead through Geoffrey's fractured vision. Still, by refusing to linger on Finney's bleak, obvious symbols, the director avoids sentimentalism and pretentiousness. Instead, Huston captures the meaning of the film with a sad and lost calm recognition that death is irreversibly part of life. While the tragedy in the film of *Under the Volcano* lacks the intellectual intricacy of the book, it is no less serious or shattering in its effect. —LIS FRANKS

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A syrupy saga of childhood

CAREFUL HE MIGHT HEAR YOU
Directed by Carl Schaefer

For the past decade, Australian films have delighted audiences with their humanity and candor. But *Careful He Might Hear You* (R) most clearly represents a rare lapse into the musical language of cinematic cliché. Based on an autobiographical 1963 novel by Australian writer Benmore Locke Elliott, the film borrows its emotionally explicit tale about two sons struggling for a young boy's soul under a glassy script of facile sentiment.

The prize possession in *Careful* is six-year-old P.S. Nicholas Glinchill, whose belated mother died after giving him "a postscript to my ridiculous life." His father, Logan (John Hargreaves), a drunken prospector, appoints two of the boy's aunts to be co-guardians and disappears into the outback. P.S. lives an oriented poverty with Aunt Lila (Bohly Nemes), who seduces an ailing his dead mother "Dear Girl." But after years of high-society living in England, prim and proper Aunt Vanessa (Wendy Hughes) suddenly shows up to claim half of P.S.'s life. Glimchill, as he proceeds to disrupt the boy's sheltered existence with a displaced passion. Through him she tries to live out her hidden love for

Careful never colors in that black-outlines. Life remains sadly, Vanessa remains beauty, and P.S. shuttles between them with his dewy eyes full of uncomprehending pain. No self-discovery. Little self-empowerment. No self-love, while only flashes of tenderness pass between Vanessa and P.S. to nurture even the limited self-realization that they eventually achieve. Without fuller portraits, their predicament degenerates into a barely credible story of sophisticated child abuse.

From a good rich lineage and intricate motivation, scriptwriter Michael Jenkins has extracted only the coyest dialogues. Director Carl Schaefer's gauzy filters and the oppressive musical score, with aching violins and melodramatic dissonance, overwhelm some few performances—especially from Hughes, who defers the screenplay in making Vanessa at times seem almost human. But Glinchill, who is almost constantly cowering, registers so little emotion that his P.S. scenes become more than just a pity party. Despite its lush design and earnest intentions, too much syrup and not enough truth make *Careful* a disappointing ride. —MARK GARDNER



Kernell, like Pappi, goes for no less, seething (lyrics: sassaf) the wardrobe

Intricacies of the mating game

THE MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN
Directed by Frank Oz

Jim Henson's Muppets are undoubtedly the world's most original and entertaining puppets. Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Gonzo, Bowtie and their friends share a lovable waywardness that makes for exceptional children's entertainment in short format, including their half-hour television show. But when the creators of those adorable characters decided to make another feature-length movie, they were creating disaster. In *The Muppets Take Manhattan* the puppets concern rapidly wear this, leaving a tedious potpourri of safe jokes and thrill music (remembered Not even good opportunities for Art Carney, Brooke Shields and the mayor of New York, Ed Koch, can save the film from driving its audience headlong into the depths of boredom).

The film founders mainly because of its own backdrop, bristly politics. Kermit is struggling to get his musical comedy, *Muppetland*, produced in New York. After his actual friends abandon him, he stands on top of the Empire State Building, moved to capture by the sight of the sparkling lights below. "The lights will show they," he declares. "We're gonna be on Broadway!" A mere human would have been hauled off the screen for uttering such lines. But writers Frank Oz, Tim Pabst and Jay Tarsis believe that their

audience will swallow any cliché and false sentiment as long as it is spiced by a hapless puppet.

The picture cracks, but most of the film's attempts to be funny are even weaker. Only in a few isolated scenes do the Muppets manage to generate their familiar magic. In a pointed parody of the advertising industry, Kermit is wise as a cat-witted salesman. And a pack of charmingly toothy rats stage a series of amusing routines, wailing on tubas in a Manhattan group space. But most of the film's jokes fall flat in the no-man's land between juvenile and adult humor. In one typical exchange, a rat falls in love with Shields and squeals, "Do you believe in inter-species dating?" Replies Shields, "Yes, one out with same rats before."

The film's fat-footed sense of fun is solidly matched by its grotesque mating of Kermit and the chunky Miss Piggy. In one sequence (include Miss Piggy has her hand in Kermit's lap, makes her church and make go-go dancing while she fantasizes about the beautiful babies they will make together. Later they celebrate their marriage with a noisy musical finale in which dozens of Henson's puppets follow screaming lyrics in at the top of their tiny lungs. The assault on the spirit is as deadly as the assault to the ears. As entertainment, *The Muppets Take Manhattan* deserves a swift look into oblivion.

—JOHN HENNESSY

A journey into sentimentality

THE NEVERKINDING STORY
Directed by Wolfgang Petersen

Two years ago, Wolfgang Petersen captured the agony of Germany's role in the Second World War with *Das Boot* (The Boat). Now he is offering a film as different from *Das Boot* as apple pie is from kasha. *The Neverkinding Story* is an unbuttoned children's epic, overwrought with sentimentality. Barlow (Barry Oliver) discovers a book called *The Neverkinding Story* and becomes entranced by its hero, Romy (Noah Hathaway), a young Indian hunter out to save the world from the ravages of the Madding Sea. The swirling winds and black, reeling clouds of this demonic force strongly suggest a nuclear holocaust. Story is clearly a tale about growing up in the nuclear age.

The salvation of the planet from total destruction is a monstrous subject for any film to shoulder. For much of the movie Story manages heroically, serving up some of the most prettily personable puppets since E.T., including a rock-singing monster on a cigarette tricycle. Petersen has also managed to weave the boy's mission together with a sensitive defiance. When Barlow's father admonishes his son to stop mourning his dead mother, he is encouraging him to become a man. Similarly, Romy's battles are stages in a long maturation rite.

Petersen has constructed Story with considerable finesse. But he proves in his direction of Hathaway, who delivers his lines with an arch-wisdom. He stands further south the intricacies of the mythical hero's quest. He keeps Romy on his quest. When the boy discovers the ancient Marla, who claims to have developed a solution to the world's ills, he finds a moment's battle completely missing in the mystery appropriate to the exercise of his initial secrets. Even more disappointing is Romy's character, the Locomotive, a can-can, pop-like creature.

Such sentimentality cuts deeply into Story's effectiveness, but a number of Story's adventures still manage to evade the danger and terrible beauty of his quest. Particularly gripping is his discovery of his arch-enemy, The Grunk. But The Grunk spends the effect by delivering a tedious lecture, and *The Neverkinding Story* diminishes with a pair of one-up self-congratulations. That last fiery into abstraction destroys the film's mystery and makes it seem, indeed, a story without end.

—JOHN HENNESSY



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BOOKS

The master storytellers

Less than 30 years ago the *Literary History of Canada* described the short story as a "dying genre." But currently its fortunes have never been higher. Many of Canada's best writers specialize in short stories, which have become increasingly popular with readers tired of the standard blockbuster novel. This week, to prove their faith in the form and the market, Penguin Canada is launching a new series called Penguin Short Fiction, featuring volumes by four of Canada's master storytellers. Said Penguin editorial director Cynthia Goss: "What we hope to do eventually is to present the best work from all over the world." The jewel among the four initial books is *Dinner Along the Amazon*,

Timothy Findlay's first collection of short fiction. Each of its stories reveals the passionate intelligence of a major artist. The tapestry from a previous artist's rage against his father to the first marriage of the poet T.S. Eliot. *Dinner Along the Amazon* displays a rare, genuine in Findlay's chronicling of suffering. His writings exist and edify with such lucid understanding that even his most disturbing stories rarely seem depressing.

The three other volumes demonstrate just how wide a range of ideas and emotions the short story can encompass. *Chatterbox*, Stern, presents the best work of Toronto writer Norman Levine, who lived for more than 30 years in England. His dry tales of displacement and doubt contrast nicely with the baseball yarns that British Columbia's W.F. Kruger's signs with effective wit. Kruger's *The Thrill of the Green* is ideally suited to Penguin's midsummer launch. But the sleeper may prove to be *Melancholy Bicycles*, a provocative collection by Spider Robinson, a Halifax writer with an unusual, respectful attitude toward transgressions of science fiction.

Penguin has ambitious plans for future titles, including a sequence of anthologies to be edited by the Argentine writer Alberto Manguel. They also intend to publish works by foreign writers, notably South Africa's Nadine Gordimer, and by Canadian Max Cullen and Marie-Claire Blais. Said Ann Vanderhoff, editor of the publishing journal *Quill & Quire*: "These books look like perfect summer reading."

It's hard to imagine anyone guaranteed "There is an old saying that short stories do not sell," and Goss: "But with authors such as Findlay, we have found that the response from bookstores is terrific." The first printing of 10,000 copies of *Dinner Along the Amazon* and *The Thrill of the Green* is already sold out, and Penguin has ordered 5,000 more of each. And beyond the financial reward, the series seems destined to prove that Canada's short story writers deserve a place among the world's best. —MARK ADLER

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Seeking succor in the boondocks

By Allan Fotheringham

Ten years ago, before Jean Chrétien perfected his pea soup act, the affable Jean-Luc Pepin was the most popular Quebec cabinet minister in British Columbia. The smiling academic, who always looked like the comic in a French farce, made much of the fact that his wife was born in Vancouver. At one political gathering two different gushing Vancouver politicians, in their introductory remarks, each claimed that Mrs. Pepin was from the province. Fugate, over the smoothly, finally got to the microphone and informed the crowd that his wife, to tell the truth, was born in the middle of Stanley Park. That was in the days when we were going to defeat separatism by falling upon one another's necks, stage exchanges of trombone and anglophone waltzes and lead the country with symbolism. Some eager Vancouver Liberals came up with the idea of running Pepin in Vancouver Quadra, home of the B.C. Stab-Innocent, as proof to the nation of the innate tolerance of the Vancouver corporate red necks.

Nothing came of that, but then Paul Manning, a beady-tailed Vancouver lad who had put in a spell in Pierre Trudeau's prime ministerial office and was about to lay his body on the line for the Liberals as a losing candidate in Quadra, came up with another ingenious idea. He pointed his finger in the river with his brain were that he, Manning, would run in Trudeau's Mount Royal riding in Montreal where the riot would stand in Quadra. Hands across the mountains, all that sort of stuff. It was an idea a little too large for the brilliant east of Ottawa to grasp, and so Western Canada, we guess, went down the Liberal drain.

In on all these discussions, though, was going Vancouver lawyer John Swift, who had been an executive assistant to John Turner in that worthy's treacherous star and stripes. The Pacific end of the network Turner kept alive for some years while waiting for Trudeau to go. Swift is now riding president for the Girls in Quadra and has been a large

part of the push that eventually convinced Turner to become the first Prime Minister to run in British Columbia since Sir John A. Macdonald. What it has done is make this election a Canadian version of Andre Turpin's play of mourning in the province where he was a small boy in the Kootenays mining town of Rossland and then returned to attend the University of British Columbia to seek some strategy out of the hands of Brian Mulroney. The self-styled boy from Blue Canada could scarcely be seen running in the heavy-and-tired Eastern Townships riding of Bronson-Muniquet,



where the Westmount Rhodians spend their customer weekends. He really had no alternative but to return to Blue Canada for the approval of the Quebec voters. It would be wish if Mulroney in the campaign had tried to paint the Bay Street label on Turner if he knew it was about to become a member of the Bronze Bree-and-Charles set. Turner's only choice of British Columbia left Mulroney as alternative but the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

So, at last, we have an election fought on the extraction of the country. A land that, has been contaminated by Trudeau and Michael Pitblow into half a hectare of innocent Ottawa is going to have to redress geography. High mountains in Rockfist Park who haven't been an far as Bill's Corners or Garp, except for their subliminal in Paris, will actually have to peek over as Air Canada route map. Turner plans to establish his version of the western White House in British Columbia in his attempt to convince the province to rein Confederation.

And Mulroney, if he should win the election, will have so many journalists trekking to Blue Canada that he'll have to requisition a new grant to set up a fern bar that dispenses garbs.

The Montreal-Ottawa axis has ended the country for its highly controlled years now, even Toronto shut out of the action due to the weakness of its down-sheeled junior Liberal ministers. Turner would bring Toronto back into some of the action, but already there are a clutch of restaurants in Vancouver seeking a franchise from Winston's and the swigs for Turner's toasts would (don't forget the chopped onions).

The fact that the two leaders are seeking succor in the boondocks is going to change a lot of things. How is Mike Duffy, pre-fabricated trailing from blue, going to slash those steep Vancouver slopes in pursuit of the 197? Paul Wells will have to fly over Whistler, B.C., in order to make it to Nanaimo-on-the-Pacific. The swivel servants in Ottawa might actually figure out the time zones of Canada, so that they do not awaken innocents in British Columbia at 6 a.m. This in itself would be a major breakthrough and might cause western alienation. Trudeau never did figure out the time zones and used to look quizzically at top aides in Vancouver when he tried to discern what time it was in Ottawa. Can you expect a man who can't figure out a wristwatch to understand a country that contains Newfoundland, where the world will end not at midnight but 30 minutes later? I know major publishers in Toronto who print books serving the nation but who have never been past Regina. What hell the deputy minister in Ottawa will have a four-day stay in Blue Canada, without their tennis clubs, indulging in the local cuisine.

Air Canada will declare a quarterly dividend as the remnants of ink-stained wretches are forced to fly from the air of the survivors. Gonia City, out to Vancouver in one direction and Blue Canada in the other. The country might discover that there is more to life than the Chateau Laurier in 1884. Brian and John are going to introduce Canada to Canadians. It's about time.

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